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BIOGRAPHY.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WARREN,

Actor and Manager of the Philadelphia Theatre.

[Concluded from page 264 of Vol. II.]

AFTER an interruption of many months, which nothing but unavoidable necessity could justify, we resume the biography of Warren. Our readers will remember that we left him comfortably seated at his father's fire-side at Bath, on his return from his third sally in pursuit of theatric adventure. Hitherto his stage history had been nothing but a tissue of hard struggle, and though not of griping penury, certainly of continual embarrassment and frequent distress. We are now to follow him through a train of events better suited to his deserts, to his establishment in the situation he now holds with so much credit to himself, advantage to the theatre, and satisfaction to the society with which he has incorporated himself, his family and his fortunes, for life.

He had been about six weeks at home, and completely fitted out again by his parents, when he was introduced by Bignell to Inledon, Blanchard, Powell and some others of the leading metropolitan actors, who were then engaged at the Bath

theatre. Their acquaintance soon ripened into a friendly regard for the young man's interests, and they not only earnestly conjured him not to return to the walk in which he had moved, but joining their interests together, wrote to Collins and Davis, the managers of a circle of respectable country theatres which comprehended Salisbury, Southampton and Winchester, recommending him for an engagement. To this application the managers returned for answer, that their fixed company was full; but that if Warren would come and take his chance with them till summer, they would then give him a situation, several of their performers being engaged to join the royalty theatre in London at that time. This invitation was gladly accepted by our hero, who resolved to lose no time in setting out to take advantage of it; so once more leaving his father's house, plentifully supplied with genteel clothes of every kind, he took the road, as was usual with him, on foot, to Salisbury. Arrived at that city, it was his good fortune

to meet Dowton, one of the best players in his line the British stage has to boast of, and, what does not always happen, as good a man as player:—Warmly benevolent, and friendly, and steadfast in his friendships, he received and treated Warren with great kindness, got him lodged in the same house with himself, and with himself messed him, and arranged every thing for him in the most comfortable manner. For some time our hero was obliged to take up with such characters as could be spared him. Some were good, some bad; but being of a contented turn of mind, and convinced of the fair and friendly intentions of the managers, he took the bad with as much cheerfulness as the good, having even then, the good sense to perceive a truth in which his uniform experience has since confirmed him, viz. that the greatest stumbling blocks in the way of an actor are restiveness, ill temper, and discontent, while cheerful acquiescence, and industry, as they prove a regard for the general interests of the managers and company, never fail to inspire them with a reciprocal consideration, and to place them at last in the best situation compatible with their talents; while the turbulent, the discontented, the restless and the capricious, however gifted, rarely fail to live in uneasiness, incessant struggle, precarious circumstances, and contempt, and, at the close of life, to die in abject poverty. Had Warren been one of those discontented fellows, he would be at this day, in all probability, but a poor despised stroller in England.

At this time an incident occurred in which our hero had a share, and which gave rise to an important alteration in the laws of England respecting the rights and privileges of actors. A person who had a dispute with the proprietor, informed against the Salisbury theatre, under the old statute, commonly called the vagrant act, which, though

not repealed, had long been considered a mere dead letter; but was now revived and made the instrument of a base scoundrel's vengeance.—The prosecution was laid for the performance of Holcroft's comedy of "Seduction" and the comedy "He would be a Soldier,"—in both of which Warren performed—the law was written and could not be evaded, and the proprietor was fined: but so flagrant an act of injustice, cruelty, and despotism raised not only abhorrence, but a generous spirit of opposition to the law—the affair was brought before parliament, the old statute was repealed, and a protecting act was passed, by which justices of the peace were forbidden to refuse a licence to, and enjoined to protect any manager who should choose to establish a theatre.

For the mind of a good man there can hardly be a more pleasing employment than that of contemplating the progress of a young person of integrity in his journey through life, and tracing him step by step in the gradual advancement acquired by persevering industry and virtue as well as talent. It is for this reason we feel, and think our readers will also feel pleasure in accompanying our hero in his rise from a beggarly share of four or five shillings a week with old Biggs, thro' his various pecuniary revolutions, till with the company into which we have now brought him, sufficiency, nay relative affluence, and circumstances which old Cosey would call comfortable, began to reward his honest labours. In a circuit from Salisbury to Chichester, from Chichester to Cirencester, from Cirencester to Newport, in the isle of Wight, where there is a most beautiful theatre, the company playing upon shares, succeeded so well as to improve the plight of Warren's purse, and make him easy: And at Winchester, where there is a noble theatre, and where the company were joined by Words-

worth and Blissett (the father of our Doctor Dablaneour) just arrived from Bath, he improved it still further by an excellent benefit.

The new theatre at the beautiful town of Southampton now received our company, among whom Warren was placed in a very respectable line of business.—Here he played Clifford in the Heiress, Macduff, Alonzo, and, with these, much comic business. The company was now excellent, being joined by Messrs. Incleden, Martyr and Moss; and Warren's allotment averaged three guineas a week, of which, as he was by no means extravagant, and was in a cheap town he was able to lay a considerable share apart, after living comfortably. It may surprise, if it does not amuse the reader, to hear that Mr. Johnson, the player, and Warren, had two neat well furnished rooms between them, for four shillings sterling, a week, and had an excellent dinner every day at the Three Ton's tavern for six pence a piece. A trip to Portsmouth, where the place being full, they had a very profitable season, closed our hero's adventures in that part of the kingdom for ever: For in 1788 he went to the North of England, and engaged with the celebrated Tate Wilkinson, at York. Here too, he found his situation as pleasant as he could reasonably expect. Wilkinson, though he had some foibles, was a very good manager, and to his meritorious performers a kind friend; and never did a very harsh thing to any one. For much interesting matter respecting Warren during his engagement with him, which was the last he had in England, we refer our readers to a very entertaining book, entitled, "Wilkinson's Wandering Patentee," where they will find our hero honourably and advantageously mentioned.

While he was with Wilkinson, it happened fortunately for him, that Mrs. Siddons was engaged to per-

form at York. To her Jane Shore, he played Gloster—to her Isabella, Count Baldwin—to her Belvidera, Priuli, and to her Lady Randolph, Old Norval. She expressed more than ordinary approbation of his conduct, applauded his talents, and particularly bestowed upon him the praise of never having in a single instance injured her performance, or disconcerted her by any kind of incorrectness: He was always perfect, not only in words, but the stage business of his part, and always so exactly in his place, that nothing went wrong, a satisfaction which she rarely experienced in her provincial migrations. In a word, she made him a tender of her good offices, and assured him that whenever an occasion should offer, she would recommend him to particular notice.

In 1796, the arrival of Mr. Wignell in England, to raise levies for the Philadelphia new theatre, furnished the exalted lady just mentioned with an opportunity of performing her generous promise. Through the medium of a Mr. Grainger, Warren offered himself to Wignell, and referred to Mrs. Siddons for a character, which she gave in such strong terms of recommendation, that the American manager made our hero an offer such as he felt his interest to accept without a moment's consideration. For, respectable though our hero's situation was in England, it was by no means so profitable as he had reason to wish. The highest salary in the company was a guinea and a half a week, and some stood as low as fifteen shillings, in that circuit, though it was one of the first out of London; and as he was then married, something more was desirable to provide for the comfort and repose of old age. Accordingly, he repaired to London, where he settled all matters with Mr. Wignell, and on the 10th of September, 1796, embarked at Gravesend, from whence the vessel drop-

ping on to the Downes took in Mr. and Mrs. Merry and Mr. Cooper; and proceeding down the Channel reached New-York in twenty-one days, from land to land; or in twenty-eight from the time Warren embarked.

Mr. Warren's first appearance in Philadelphia was in the character of Friar Lawrence;—Romeo by Mr. Moreton, and Juliet, by Mrs. Merry—After which he performed *Bundle in the Waterman*.

In fifteen years' constant observation on the acting of Mr. Warren, the public must certainly have made up their minds upon his professional merit. No one on the stage has a more clear and indisputable title to the character of a useful actor than he has: since performing continually in tragedy and comedy, play and farce, and taking as the occasional exigencies of the theatre demand, any and every character of consequence, he is never less than respectable in any of them. Equally ready for Old Norval, or Lord Randolph, Falstaff or King Henry, and so forth, he is always sure to be perfect in each. But he is entitled to praise of a much higher kind than that of being merely respectable; in his performance of old men in tragedy, and in sentimental comedy he is judicious, nervous, chaste and pathetic.—His King Henry in Richard

the Third—his Old Norval, Brabantio, Priuli and Stockwell, with many we cannot now name are instances of his excellence in this department. In broad comedy—for instance, in Falstaff and Cascafo, Sir Peter Teazle, Hardecastle, Governor Tempest, Sir Anthony Absolute, Old Philpot, Old Rapid, Caustic, Old Dowdal and an infinite number of other characters, we should, among the players of this country look in vain for his equal—and in some of them scarcely find his superior in Europe: Of him, indeed, may be said what of no other in this country but Cooke, can be said, that as an actor he would be able to maintain in any theatre in Britain or Ireland the same rank that he holds here.

As a private individual in the various relations of life, whether as son, father, brother, husband, or friend, Mr. Warren need not fear to have his character put in competition with the best of his fellow-citizens. This is a topic however, on which we forbear to dilate. The people of this country are neither ignorant of Mr. Warren's character, nor, to do them justice, are they niggardly in acknowledging his virtues:—to dwell upon the subject, therefore, would only hurt his feelings, without conveying to any reader an idea that is not already familiar to him.

LETTERS ON FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

NO. VI.

[Concluded from page 270.]

THREE inspectors make a circuit once a year through the departments of the interior, in order to examine into the state of the *Lycees*, and to report thereon to the

government. I formed an intimate acquaintance with one of the gentlemen, upon whom this task had devolved, at the period of my residence in France. The result of

his inquiry, as he circumstantially communicated it to me, presented a most unfavorable, & indeed disgusting picture of the condition of these establishments. The buildings appropriated to the *Lycees*, which, by law are to be maintained & furnished by the cities to which they belong, were in a neglected and mouldering state; the number of pupils educated at their own expence comparatively small; the professors generally persons of slender ability, and altogether devoid of zeal in the discharge of their functions. This last evil arose partly from the scantiness of the salaries allowed, and the nature of the supervision exercised by the government. A post from which the incumbent derived but a meagre subsistence, and which rendered him, at the same time, a mere automaton, was not of a nature to be sought by men of talents, or to be filled with much conscientious activity and honest zeal.

The four *Lycees* of Paris were certainly in a more flourishing state than those of the Provinces. I can assert, however, from my own observation, that even the former were not exempt from the defects which I have enumerated above. The *Lycee Bonaparte* and the *Lycee Charlemagne*, the two inferior colleges, wore a most gloomy aspect, and were in all respects, miserably organized.

The pupils of the *Lycees* were not privileged from the conscription, at the period of which I am speaking. I know not whether any dispensation has been since proclaimed in their favour. I had occasion to remark some cases of extreme hardship, connected with the exercise of this law, over those of the *Lycee Imperiale*, the chief of the Parisian colleges. Several youths, the children of very respectable parents, resident in the departments of the Rhine, were dragged without mercy, from the

college ranks, into those of the army. They had just accomplished their eighteenth year, and were about terminating their academical studies. One instance of exemption alone, come within my knowledge. The claims of the individual—a young gentleman of a distinguished family, and whose education was then completed—were of a peculiar nature. It was not, however, until after much delay, and only by the intercession of the highest authority, that he was rescued from the fangs of the recruiting officer.

The most important and politic branch of the system of which I am speaking, is the gratuitous education afforded to so many thousand pupils. It may be asserted with confidence, that exclusive of the twenty-five in each of the secondary schools, more than one half of the number belonging to all the *Lycees*, are educated at the expence of the treasury, and therefore, entirely at the disposal of the government. By the original law, the government was authorized to educate in the *Lycees*, six thousand four hundred pupils, at the public expence. Of these, two thousand four hundred were to be selected during the space of ten years, from the foreign territories annexed to France. The remainder was to consist, of such pupils of the secondary schools as rendered themselves, by their proficiency, most worthy of the distinction, in the judgment of a board of examiners appointed by the government.

The view taken by M. Fourcroy of this particular branch of the plan, is something curious, and will afford you a clear insight into the spirit with which it was framed. I shall quote his own language, commencing with the preliminary observations. "The government, enlightened by the experience of the past, has rejected the old forms of the universities, which, half a century ago, were no longer compati-

ble with the progress of reason, and which philosophy then called upon us to amend or repudiate? We have selected from them what was good, and avoided the abuses with which they were infected. Without overlooking the success which should naturally attend good teachers and able professors, we have made it a principal object, to insure a sufficient number of pupils to the new schools we are about to establish. The government has been of opinion, that, in order to fix literary and scientific institutions upon a solid basis, it should begin by providing pupils for them, *to avoid the risk of seeing the classes consist of professors alone.* Such is the end which we have meant to accomplish, in extending the bounty of the government to so large a number of pensioners. We have had in view the maintenance of the Lycees, by means of the funds allotted for these pensioners. *The whole foundation of the new system rests upon this idea.* The defenders of the country will receive the recompense of their labours, in the education of their children. Parents will fill the secondary schools with their sons, and watch over their first advances in knowledge, in order to render them worthy of the ulterior advantages which are prepared for them. The inhabitants of the territories annexed to France, who, speaking a language, and accustomed to institutions different from our own, must nevertheless, abandon their old usages, and adopt those of their new country, have not, at home, the necessary means of giving their children the education, the manners and the character, which are to identify them with the French. What more advantageous destiny could be prepared for them, than that which the new system offers, and, at the same time, what more efficacious resource could be given to the government, which has nothing more at heart, than to bind these new citizens to France?"

The views of the government are developed with sufficient clearness in the passage I have here quoted, and the execution of the plan has been strictly comfortable. The schools of the empire are rendered subservient to the important purposes of assimilating the inhabitants of the foreign territories to their masters, and of attaching them to the dominion of France, by the strongest sympathies. In the new departments, all domestic education is industriously discouraged, in order that no other resource may be left to the inhabitants, but the institutions of France, where their children may be imbued with the interests and passions desirable for the conqueror. In order to perpetuate the French dominion, and to strengthen the military despotism, the rising generation of these departments must be reared in French nurseries, and cast into the French mould.

By the system of gratuitous education, the flower of the French youth, also, are made the mere creatures of the ruler, to be fashioned and employed in the manner most conducive to his interests and views. They are at the same time in his hands, sure and valuable pledges of the personal alliance of their numerous connexions, upon whose loyalty and zeal, the Imperial throne obtains, in this way, the strongest hold. Every possible extension has, therefore, been given to this part of the plan. The special military academies, which contain about fifteen hundred pupils, are all supported by the state. In the chief of them, the term of instruction is two years, and two hundred and fifty youths are admitted each year. These are selected from among the boys of the Lycees, and a preference is given to such as are maintained in the latter, at their own expence. The ostensible reason assigned for this distinction, is, that the parents, who defray the charges of the Ly-

zees, may be compensated, in a degree, for the "sacrifice which they make." The real motive is the desire of increasing the number of pensioners subject to the immediate and absolute control of the government. The boys educated in the Lycees, at the expense of the treasury, are inextricably entangled in the trammels of the Imperial despot. After they have finished the scholastic career of six years, they are either transferred to the military academies, drafted for the conscription, or enlisted in the service of their tyrant, as public functionaries in the departments for which their attainments and dispositions seem best fitted.

If we acknowledge as real, the motives by which the French rulers profess to have been actuated, in the formation of the Lycees, they imply an extraordinary state of things. It must appear singularly curious to you, that in a country whose population is so vast as that of France, the state should find it necessary to provide pupils for the public colleges, under the apprehension, that the professors might be otherwise left in solitude. There is something novel in the language, that parents are to be allured by artificial means totally independent of the characteristical merits of a college, to avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining a suitable education for their children; that they were to be partially indemnified for the sacrifice which they make, in so doing, by the prospect or chance opened to them, of seeing their children become pensioners of the government. If it were necessary to employ such expedients, as those here announced, in relation to that class of parents, who were supposed capable of defraying the charges of a Lycee, a much stronger stimulus must have been required for the poorer orders. This is an additional argument, why the bounty of the government should have been

extended to the common schools, if it had been seriously intended, to impart the benefits of education to the common people.

The fact is, however, that the general diffusion of knowledge, or the communication of it to the lower orders, is far from being the object, either of the wishes or labours of the French government. They know it to be incompatible with the nature, and repugnant to the interests of a military despotism. Instead of striving earnestly to rouse the mass of the nation from the profound apathy in which they are now sunk, with regard to the culture of the mind, their efforts will be directed to multiply impediments to the progress of a contrary spirit. It is with them a necessary policy, to retain the common people in the grossest ignorance, and the most abject depression. It will be sufficient for the purpose of Bonaparte, that such an education should be given to the youth of the Lycees, as may qualify them, either for the military career or administrative duties. The nature of the religious or moral instruction which they receive, will be deemed of little importance, provided they are trained to such dispositions as may serve to strengthen his power. All the branches of instruction which tend to form the soldier, will be successfully taught, because to them the patronage and the cares of the government will be liberally and unremittingly extended. The conscription has a direct tendency to render parents themselves indifferent about the proficiency of their children, in any other studies than those which may promote their advancement in the army, to which they know them to be irrevocably doomed. Were it not for the certainty of this doom, the Lycees would be even much less populous than they now are. Boys are placed in them, not with a view to their general improvement, but in order that they may be the better prepar-

ed for their unalterable destiny, by a good course of mathematical studies, and because they are not otherwise eligible to the military academies.

These academies are supplied with the ablest professors, and are in every respect admirably organized. Nothing is wanting in them, which can serve to qualify the pupil for the highest excellence in the theory of war. The discipline, moreover, is such as to fit the body for the severest exercises of the field, and to fashion the appetites and habits to the opposite extremes of military obedience and command. The Polytechnic school, the Prytaneeum, and the Academy at Fontainebleau, are the most perfect establishments of the kind, which have, perhaps, ever existed, and should be eagerly visited by all strangers who can obtain access to them. They send forth annually a host of accomplished officers, engineers and mechanicians, whose services are of material efficacy in promoting the vast plan of domestic usurpation and foreign conquest, which their mighty sovereign is now prosecuting with such indefatigable industry and fatal success. I must confess, that when I examined the details of the military schools, over which he watches with a sort of paternal care, I felt apprehensions for the fate of the continent, not less lively than those which the annunciation of the victory of Friedland, or of any other of his great triumphs had excited.

I fear, my good friend, that I have fatigued you by these dry details. I have said more on the leading topics of this epistle than the plan, which I have chalked out for myself, will warrant. You cannot, however, but be sensible of the great importance that attaches, under the present circumstances of the world, to whatever is connected with the internal organization of France, or serves to illustrate the character and views of her rulers.

The vast accessions now made to their dominion, do but prognosticate a still greater enlargement of empire, and strengthen the well-grounded apprehension, that the whole continent of Europe is, to use the language of the poet,

"Steep rushing down, to that devouring gulf

"Where many a mighty people buried lies."

The spirit which now legislates for France will regulate the domestic affairs of the countries, which she may call to the honour of bearing her own name. The same code of civil law,—the same military and financial system,—the *Lycees* and the police, will be introduced into all of them, and identify, in all respects, the character and condition of their inhabitants, with those of the population of France. The period is not, perhaps, far distant, when it will be merely necessary to study the institutions of the conqueror, in order to understand the internal policy of three fourths of the territory and population of Europe. Whoever wishes to reason accurately, on the future destiny of the latter, will attend to the present military, financial, religious and political organization of France. The nations of the continent will be subjected to the same laws, corrupted and debased by the same arts, involved in the same miseries, and, perhaps, be insensibly melted away into the French name and people. Their fate will resemble that which was experienced by the victims of the Roman power, who were gradually blended into one common mass with their conquerors and, as the historian expresses it, "formed in their manners and internal policy, a perfect representation of their great mistress."

The distinct kingdoms which Buonaparte has erected, will soon be overturned by the hand which raised them. His policy in this

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respect, will be found to bear as close a similitude to that of Rome, as it does in all the other arts of preserving and enlarging dominion. "Those princes," says Gibbon, (speaking of such as were suffered to reign for a short time in the provinces of the Roman empire,) "whom the ostentation of gratitude, or generosity permitted for a while, to hold a precarious sceptre, were dismissed from their thrones, as soon as they had performed the appointed task of fashioning to the yoke the vanquished nations." The monarchs of Spain, Naples, Westphalia, Sweden, or of any other of the separate kingdoms, which Bonaparte has deemed it expedient to create, may expect to receive a like treatment, when they have performed the same task, or answered other temporary purposes of their master. I have long since predict-

ed, that the measures of this description, which he has taken, were but preparatory to the establishment of his own immediate authority. It is his object to form one vast empire, embracing the largest and fairest portion of Europe, united under one system of military government, and connected by the same language, usages, and civil institutions. After having meditated not a little upon the practicability of this plan, I must confess to you, that I see no invincible obstacles to its execution. When I contemplate the changes which have been wrought during the last three or four years, and those which daily occur in Europe, I feel almost a persuasion, that it may be so far matured, even during the life-time of the French Emperor, as to render inevitable its final accomplishment.

BIOGRAPHIE MODERNE.

LIFE OF SOULT,

THE PRESENT DUKE OF DALMATIA.

SOULT, a French marshal of the empire, served, under the old government, as a subaltern officer in a regiment of infantry. In the beginning of the revolution he enlisted in a battalion of volunteers of the Haut Rhin, and became their adjutant-major, after which he went as adjutant to the staff of the Moselle army. Being appointed adjutant-general, he, as chief of the staff of general Lefevre's division, made the campaigns of 1794 and 1795, in the armies of the Moselle,

& of the Sambre and Meuse; in 1796 he was appointed general of brigade, then went into Italy, made the campaign of 1799, with distinction, in that country, where he was shut up in Genoa with general Massena. The proofs of talent and courage that he gave on various occasions, gained him in a very particular manner the attention and favour of the government. He afterwards became one of the generals who commanded the infantry of the consul's guard, accompanied

the first consul to Brussels in 1803, was appointed commander of the camp of St. Omer, then marshal of France after the accession of the first consul to the imperial throne. In September, 1804, he obtained the fourth cohort of the legion of honor, was decorated with the red ribbon on the 1st of February, 1805, and created a knight of the order of St. Hubert of Bavaria in the month of May, in the same year. It was he who, when commanding at Boulogne in the beginning of 1805, announced to the government that the English had just thrown on shore balls of cotton infected with the plague, in order to spread that scourge in France. On the recommencement of hostilities with Austria in September, he commanded one of the divisions of the great army; passed the Rhine at Spiers on the 26th of October; fell upon Heilbron, then penetrated into Suabia, and seized on Memmingen, which was so shamefully surrendered to him without the least resistance by general Spangen; this contributed greatly to the capitulation of Ulm. In November marshal Soult put the enemy's right wing to flight, and contributed, by his manœuvres, to the success of the battle of Juntersdorff. In February, 1806, he was in prince Joseph's army, which took possession of Naples.

GENERAL SUCHET,

COMMANDS AT PRESENT IN SPAIN.

SUCHET, (L. G.) a French general, born at Lyon, was at first chief of the 4th battalion of Ardecche, and distinguished himself at the head of that corps at the siege of Toulon in 1793: on the 20th of September he took prisoner the English commander in chief, O'Hara. The next year his battalion took three standards from the Austrians at Loano. On the 7th Fructidor, year four, he was dangerously wounded, and confined to his bed

for several months; he then rejoined the 18th demi-brigade, and with it made the brilliant campaign which occasioned the treaty of Campo-Formio. He was again wounded at Tarvis, and a third time at Nusmack in Upper Stiria, where he was nominated chief of brigade by general Bonaparte on the field of battle. In 1798 he served in the army which the directory sent into Switzerland under the orders of Brune, and he was commissioned to present to the government the colours taken from the enemy. He was then promoted to the general of brigade, and in that capacity rejoined the army of Italy, the command of which had been given to Brune. This general made him chief of his staff, a station which he retained under general Joubert. Piedmont was the source of great apprehensions respecting the rear of the army; Joubert resolved to occupy it, and general Suchet contrived the expedition. The country was invaded, and the Sardinian army defeated before the court had thought of resistance. Some time after general Suchet received orders to join the army of Switzerland, and he was detached into the Grisons, where he remained for six days separated from the whole army; he nevertheless defended his posts of Davos, Bergen, and Spugen, and rejoined the army, retiring by the sources of the Rhine on St. Gothard, without suffering his ranks to be broken. After the disasters of Scherer's campaign, Joubert returned to take the command of the army of Italy, and obtained for general Suchet the rank of general of division, and sent for him to commit his general staff to him. The battle of Novi followed close upon the arrival of Joubert, who received in it the fatal blow which deprived France of one of her most able defenders, and Suchet of his best friend. He continued to direct the general staff under Moreau and Championnet, who suc-

ceeded each other in the command. After the 18th Brumaire, year 8, (9th of November, 1799) Massena was sent into Italy, and Suchet was appointed by the first consul his lieutenant-general. The command of the centre was conferred on him and, at the head of that weak body, he defended the entrance of the bridge of Var, before which failed the efforts of Melas, and his lieutenant Elnitz. In the various battles which general Suchet fought at that time, he took from the Austrians 11,200 prisoners, 33 pieces of artillery, and 6 standards. By this defence he saved the south of France from an invasion, and the diversion he operated was very useful to the army of reserve which was crossing the Alps under the command of the first consul. In 1801 general Bonaparte opened the campaign in Italy, and lieutenant-general Suchet commanded the centre. He passed the Mincio with the main body of general Dupont,

and defeated the count de Bellegarde at Puzzoli; the Austrians lost 8,000 men. After the treaty of Luneville he was made inspector-general of the infantry. In 1802, and 1803 he inspected various departments in the south and west. On the 4th Brumaire, year 12, the emperor gave him the command of a division of the camp of Boulogne. He was made grand officer of the legion of honor, and, soon after, governor of the imperial palace of Laeken, near Brussels. Towards the end of 1805, general Suchet was employed in the great army of Germany, and his division distinguished itself at Ulm, Hollabrunn, and especially Austerlitz, where it formed a part of that left wing which divided the enemy, and, according to the expression of the 30th bulletin, marched in rows, by regiments, as if exercising. He obtained the grand ribbon of the legion of honor on the 8th of February, 1806.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—NOT.

The Works, in verse and prose, of the late Robert Treat Paine, Jun. Esq. with notes.

To which are prefixed, sketches of his life, character and writings. J. Belcher, Boston, 8vo. pp. 464.

TO speak of an author now dead, and whose works have excited so much approbation when living, in any other terms than those of panegyric, is a thankless and delicate office. It will be difficult for those who enrol themselves in the catalogue of his warm admirers, to believe that we are governed by any other than by sinister motives. Such

considerations would have affected us once and probably doomed us to the alternative of speaking in approbation, or of maintaining a resolute silence. We say that they would probably once have been attended with these difficulties, because we know they will have no such influence now. We have been too well acquainted with that spe-

butions from the booksellers at Newburyport. He was regularly admitted to the bar and his friends felicitated themselves on the prospect which fame and fortune now afforded. Business flowed in upon him rapidly, and he was for a season indefatigable in his attention to his clients. But his love of pleasure was a fire which though repressed for a season, was still burning within and shortly to burst forth with augmented strength. He became fascinated with the charms of Mrs. Jones, an actress, and the consequence was that from this time he abandoned his office and his clients. Resigned as he now was to the dominion of criminal pleasure, all his former habits recurred, which were succeeded by poverty, neglect, the dispersion of his family and the ruin of his constitution. This state of gloom and depression was not altogether without its hours of poetical brightness. His constitution nevertheless, gradually undermined; extreme languor and debility succeeded, under the influence of which he lingered along, sometimes cheered by hope, and at others depressed by despair. This fitful, flattering and dubious state of existence continued, until at last a wasting disease occasioned his death, at the age of thirty-eight, on the 13th November, 1811.

We take the radical defect in the character of Mr. Paine, both in his writings and his life, to have been, that he could not bear with tempered dignity, adulation and panegyric. He had not, in the outset of his literary career, to contend with the cold apathy of mankind; he had not those common palliatives and apologies with which neglected genius often soothes itself in the indulgence of its vices, that the world will not patronize it. He had to contend with an enemy more formidable still, which was excess of adulation. From the moment of his first appearance on the stage as a candidate for fame, it was largely, and

munificently bestowed. His vanity was flattered with being represented as having grasped, by magic, the prize for which thousands have struggled through a long existence in vain. Regarded as an oracle when first consulted, is it to be wondered at, that he deemed his genius already in its full and brilliant meridian, when its orb was only on the ascendant. Could he therefore have hoped, by any exertion, to have advanced his fame, when such loud and deafening plaudits attended his first labours? Even an attempt to improve, he would conceive, might put his fame and popularity to hazard, and could not certainly increase his admiration. We may well conceive, when his master passion, the love of fame was thus gorged to repletion, how subordinate ones would take their turn to claim indulgence in a mind like his, ever prone to relax into indolence and pleasure. We behold the poet, therefore, after he loiters a while to receive a homage so delightful, heedless of remonstrance and exhortation, resigning himself to the sway of criminal indulgence, on the conviction that, whatever befalls him, his master passion is sure of receiving homage. There was even a flattering unction laid to the soul, more dangerous than this, and tended to confirm the vicious habits of the poet. This was the belief that his passions might sweep fearlessly the whole range of illicit indulgence, and, that however they might be condemned, there was a redeeming virtue in his genius to bear him triumphantly through the frowns and censures of the world. That excess of panegyric which his writings received, he thought, therefore would give a sort of dignity to his vicious habits, and secure him at all times the only preeminence he wanted. We do not, therefore, hesitate to declare, that the overflowing approbation which the poems of Mr. Paine received, was the

ruin of the poet and of the man. Mr. Paine's genius was bold and vigorous in combination, and on this single point, his fame as a poet, must eventually rise. It is a property that must be guarded and checked, and constantly kept within the sphere of just and delicate analogy. This precinct Mr. Paine was remarkably prone to violate. The following is an instance. The passage alludes to those who frequent the boxes in a theatre.

And ye who throned on high, a synod, sit
And rule the turbid atmosphere of wit,
Whose clouds dart lightning on our comic
wires,
And burst in thunder as the flash expires.

The synod who rule the atmosphere of wit is the utmost boundary of legitimate analogy; but Mr. Paine was not content unless he could transform the nerves of laughter into wires, and shout or pedestrian evidence of approbation into the thunder of an electrical battery.

We have already remarked that it was the fault of Mr. Paine to strike on some subject of analogy bold and beautiful. Speaking of the influence of the press in reclaiming vice, he says, page 167—

Had Vulcan's web, which once, in realm
of Jove,
Trapped in crim. con. the tripping queen
of love,
Of late at Gaul's lascivious court been
spread,
Ere fettered Type from dread Bastile was
led:
The magic seine, such shoals its wires had
caught,
Like Peter's net, had broken with the
draught.

The corruption and licentiousness of the French laws are here designated by the fable of Mars and Venus. The despotism and tyranny of the government are represented by the sturdy nature of the wires by which those two lovers were caught in their criminal intercourse. Type is then repre-

sented as a captive, confined in chains of the Bastile, who effects by his emancipation, a change of manners. The poet has not yet done with his analogy; he goes on to say, that had this net been spread before the emancipation of Type, it would have caught such shoals as to have broken with the draught, like St. Peter's. Here we have at length a simile to illustrate a metaphor, which was itself designed to illustrate something else.

The very next passage presents us with another instance:—

The mystic Fossil, whose attracted soul
With fond affection, seeks its kindred pole
To bless the globe, had ne'er explored the
wave,
But, Cortes-like, discovered to enslave.
Had letters ne'er the bold ambition crown-
ed,
And Printing polished what the magnet
found,
In vain had Gama traced the orient way;
And Europe stretched her wings 'mid In-
dian day;
In vain Columbus, spurning Neptune's
roar,
Gave earth a balance, and the sea a shore,
'Till truth-winged Science, bursting Er-
ror's night,
Shed her religion, where she beamed her
light.

Here a needle is personified as exploring distant countries with a benevolent view: but this needle is indebted to a type for all this benevolence; for had it not been for such interference, this needle would have been a conqueror and tyrant at the same time, like Francis Cortes. It is not enough to say that because a meaning may, by study and perseverance, be attached to the words, that therefore the law of analogy is not violated. It is, on the contrary, decisive evidence that the law of analogy has been violated, and grossly violated. If the metaphor does not flash and sparkle illustration, it is radically bad. Mr. Paine, at other times, spreads over his page, a luminous fog, where the subject presented is

on the very point of evanescence.
The next page affords us a precedent in point:

Not Tell's fleet arrow sped with surer art;
Not Corde's dagger deeper cleft the heart;
Not tower-armed elephant, nor bursting mine,
The battering aries, nor the blazing line,
With deadlier prowess spread their fatal rage,
Than type, indignant for an injured age.
When patriots, leagued a nation to redress,
At tyrants point the artillery of the press,
Loud, o'er the gorgeous canopy of state,
It falls, like Erie, and it strikes, like Fate;
Wide as La Plata, as the Andes high,
Its thunders echo, and its lightnings fly;
To heaven appealed, ascends the dread decree;
The tyrant falls—America is free!

Here, in the short compass of fourteen lines, the influence of the press is compared to the arrow of William Tell—to an elephant armed with a tower—to the bursting of a mine—to the falls of Niagara—to death—to the river La Plata—to Andes—to thunder and to lightning. Mr. Paine is sometimes in the habit of quoting himself:—

"Should the Tempest of War overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal, would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder;
His sword, from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, ev'ry flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons, &c."

"Oh, WASHINGTON! thou hero, patriot, sage!
Friend of all climates; pride of every age!
Were thine the laurels, every soil could raise;
The mighty harvest were penurious praise.
Well may our realms thy Fabian wisdom boast;
Thy prudence saved, what bravery had lost.
Yet e'er hadst thou, by Heaven's severer fates,
Like Sparta's hero at the Grecian straits,

Been doomed to meet, in arms, a world of foes,
Whom skill could not defeat, nor walls oppose;
Then had thy breast, by danger ne'er subdued,
The mighty buckler of thy country stood;
Proud of its wounds, each piercing spear would bless,
Which left Columbia's foes one javelin less;
Nor felt one pang, but, in the glorious deed,
Thy little band of heroes, too, must bleed.
Nor throbbed one fear, but, that some poisoned dart
Thy breast might pass, and reach thy country's heart!"

The following are other instances:

"Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm;
Lest our Liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us; we heed not the storm;
Our realm fears no shock; but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c."

If equal justice neutral laws proclaim,
No power will presumptuous your sovereignty disgrace,
Among your stars inscribe a Nation's name,
Your flag will guard, your freedom and your race.
The soil to till, to freight the sea,
By valour's arm protected,
To plant an empire brave and free,
Their sacred views directed:
But more they feared, than tyrant's yoke
Insidious faction's fury;
For oft a worm destroys an oak,
Whose leaf that worm would bury!

In page 146 we meet with the following:

Erst, wanton Toy, 'twas thine to move,
By Beauty's lovely queen caressed;
While, waving, like the wing of Love,
Thou fanned'st a flame in every breast
'Twas thine, in her imperial hand,
The cold to warm, the proud subdue;
The female Franklin's magic wand,
Olivia's sceptre, sweet Bamboo!

Now to say that this passage

contains no fancy, is palpably unjust, but to admit so wide a departure from the rules of plain analogy, as the female Franklin represents to us, would be as palpably unjust. We have first to inquire who Dr. Franklin was, and then to change his sex, before we understand the allusion.

We think we have already given examples enough to justify our first position, that the radical defect of Mr. Paine's writings is, that analogy of which he was remarkably fond, is stretched beyond all duration. This leads to another subordinate evil. His muse is so encumbered with ornament, that she loses the natural pliancy of her

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, June, 1804.

THE street was a ruin; and night's horrid glare

Illumined with terror the face of despair;

While houseless, bewailing,

Mute Pity assailing,

A mother's wild shrieks pierced the merciless air,

Beside her stood Edward, imploring each wind;

To wake his loved sister, who lingered behind;

Awake, my poor Mary,

Oh! fly to me, Mary;

In the arms of your Edward, a pillow you'll find.

In vain he called, for now the volum'd smoke,

Crackling; between the parting rafters broke;

All, all, is lost; the roof's; the roof's on fire!

A flash from the window brought Mary to view,

She screamed as around her the flames fiercely blew;

Where art thou, mother!

Oh! fly to me, brother!

Ah! save your poor Mary, who lives but for you!

Leave not poor Mary,

Ah! save your poor Mary!

Her visioned form descrying,

On wings of horror flying,

The youth erects his frantic gaze,

Then plunges in the maddening blaze!

Aloft he dauntless soars,

The flaming room explores;

limbs, and the freedom of her gait.

He came forward as a candidate for poetical fame at a season peculiarly inauspicious.

The public were then all enamoured with the extravagancies of Della Crusca's muse.

Our poet adopted the general error, and took this gaudy butterfly for a model which was afterwards crushed by the fingers of Gifford.

After this delusion had passed away, and truth, and sentiment and nature achieved a glorious triumph over such unintelligible rhapsody, Mr. Paine still persevered in his former habits of writing. Let us now see how this bard might have written, when he was full of the subject and insensible of such ornament:

The roof in cinders crushes,

Through tumbling walls he rushes!

She's safe from fears alarms;

She faints in Edward's arms!

Oh! Nature, such thy triumphs are;

Thy simplest child can bravely dare.

Let us pause for a moment to analyse the emotions so powerfully, and so successfully portrayed by the poet. We are presented, in the two first lines, with the horrible effect of the conflagration, raging in all its violence. By the light of this destructive element, we see the desolation of the dwelling, and the silent anguish of despair impressed on the countenances of the assembled sufferers. This deep and pathetic silence is only disturbed by a houseless mother, pouring forth her lamentations for the death of her favourite daughter. At this moment the conflagration rages with redoubled fury, and by a flash from the window, the daughter is discovered imploring the assistance of her brother while surrounded by the blaze. The poet here tells us, all assistance is hopeless, by a silence far more expressive than words. He plunges into the midst of the conflagration, and the roof falls upon his head in burning cin-

ders. Where now is the hope and solace of the houseless mother? At that very instant, and while her maternal heart is writhing under the pressure of this new agony, Mary is saved from the flames and fainting in the arms of her brother.

We do not remember a parallel case in all the archives of poetry, and this must be our apology for citing the following from Goldsmith, which is in some points analogous:—"It was night; the labourers of the day had all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage, and no sound was heard but the murmur of the waterfall and the deep-mouthed watch dog that bayed at hallow distance. My heart dilated with unutterable delights, as I approached the peaceful mansion; I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. As a bird long absent from the nest, my affections outstripped my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side in all the rapture of expectation. I already received my wife's embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. When I was within a few furlongs of my door our honest mastiff came running to welcome me. All was quiet, when, in a moment the cottage was bursting out into a blaze, and every aperture was red with conflagration. I gave a loud convulsive outcry and fell upon the pavement. This alarmed my son, who had till then been asleep; and he perceiving the flames, instantly awakened my wife and daughter; and, all running out and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to view objects of terror, for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the

family stood with silent agony, looking on as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my little ones; but they were not to be found. O misery, cried I, where are my little ones? They are burnt to death in the flames, exclaimed my wife calmly, and I will perish with them. The moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awakened by the fire, nothing could have stopped me.—Where are my children, cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting through the door of the chamber in which they were confined. Here, dear papa, here we are, cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed in which they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and conveyed them through the fire, while, just as I was going out the roof sunk in. Now, cried I, holding up my children, let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish." It is curious to observe what different modes are taken by these writers to throw the heart into a storm of anxiety and horror. The last lays his plan with deep designing artifice, and awakens every endearing sensation, to take the soul by surprise, and to make the succeeding contrast more awful and terrible. The two first lines of Paine, on the other hand, hurl us headlong into the midst of a conflagration, and they may safely be denominated two masterpieces of pathos.

The following will be read by the public with a share of that mournful sensibility now felt by the surviving friends, when they are informed that it is the last production of the poet's muse, and composed but a very few days before his death.

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Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Massachusetts Association, for improving the breed of Horses, October 21, 1841.

THE steeds of Apollo, in coursing the day,
Breathe the fire which he beams on mankind:
To the world while his light from the car they convey,
Their speed is the blaze of his mind.
Thus Ambition, who governs of honour the chase,
Keep life's mettled coursers in glow;
For Fame is the goal, and the world is the race,
And, hark forward! they start! Tally ho!

All ranks try the turf; 'tis the contest of life,
By a heat to achieve a renown;
And so thronged are the lists in the emulous strife,
That but few know what steed-is their own;
For many, like Gilpin, alarmed at the blood,
Lose their rein and their course, as they go:
While the rider, high trained, knows each pace in his stud,
And, hark forward! he flies, Tally ho!

The hero's a war-horse, whose brave, generous breed,
Scorns the spur, though he yields to the rein;
Blood and bone, at the trump-call he vaults in full speed,
And contends for his own native plain.
In battle he glories; and pants, like his sire,
On the soil, where he grazed, to lie low;
See his neck clothed with thunder, his mane flaked with fire,
While, hark forward! he springs, Tally ho!

The Statesman's a prancer, so tender in hoof,
He curvets, without fleetness or force;
In the heat of the field, when the race is in proof,
He gallantly bolts from the course!
With his canter and amble, he shuffles his way;
And no care of the sports seem to know;
Till he sees, as he hovers, what horse wins the day,
Then, hark forward! he shouts, Tally ho!

The farmer's a draught, the rich blood of whose veins,

Acts with vigour the duties, he owes;
He's a horse of sound bottom, and nurtures the plains
Where the harvest, that nurtures him, grows.
At his country's command, on her hills or her fields,
Which her corn and her laurels bestow;
Firm in danger he moves, and in death never yields,
But, hark forward! he falls, Tally ho!

Columbia is drawn by the steeds of the sky,
The long journey of Empire to run;
May her coursers of light never scorch as they fly,
And their race be the age of the sun
Nor distanced by time, nor in fame e'er forgot,
May her track still be known by its glow;
Like Olympian dust, may it stream o'er the spot,
Where, hark forward, she rode, Tally ho!

Here the analogy between the steeds of Apollo and the various avocations of life, is struck with a happy facility as if the steeds of Apollo were in fact the primal cause of the various careers. It is a thought which has perhaps never been struck upon before, but the parallel is so happily run, that we wonder why it has remained a secret so long. To surround an invention with so many concomitant probabilities, the boldness of which starts us at the authors, and then to pass it off as a fact, always betrays the master-hand. This is done by the aid of those graceful and delicate analogies of which we have been speaking, and which Mr. Paine has in the present instance preserved.

The principle of analogy is a science by itself, and is in general the foundation of all argument, connected with moral truth. When applied to poetry, more latitude is of course allowed; but this species of analogy is more a resemblance

of sympathies excited by different objects, than any essential resemblance between the objects themselves. Mr. Paine's last ode will furnish a complete illustration of this remark. There is in fact no resemblance between the revolutions of day, and the strong passions of ambition, love of glory and interest, on which he builds his fanciful theory. If a man was born blind, and on inquiring into the peculiar character of light, we should inform him that it resembled a love of glory, he would be perfectly uninstructed on the subject, and remain in profounder ignorance than he was in before, does not exist so much in the objects as in the passions excited by them—it exists in the strong and exhilarating sensations, produced by the contemplation of glory, which are thus compared to the lustre of the sun, the most magnificent and grand spectacle of nature—it exists in the uniform and rapid pursuit of the object which, when associated with the undeviating revolutions of that majestic orb, furnishes another source of beautiful analogy. Now to adopt the ancient fable, and to make the guardian deity of the sun, the parent of both these associations, although resulting from objects so different, communicates to the conception all the lustre of novelty, and that species of credulity which poetic probability inspires. The great art of the poet lies in seizing, as Mr. Paine has done in the present instance, such analogical sensations applying them to different objects, and then producing those sensations as evidence of the fact which he labours to establish. Mr. Paine's fault lies in neglecting the support of such auxiliaries, and attempting to trace an analogy between the objects themselves. The following are instances of the kind:

"And warmed the zembla of a frozen mind."

Of Shakspeare he says:

"With *Blanchard's* wing in fancy heaven
he soars,
With *Herschell's* eye another world explores."
"Warm to the heart the chymic fiction
stole,
And purged by moral alchmy the soul."

All these instances, and many more which might be added, contain the germs of beautiful conceptions if rightly managed, and that is by tracing a relationship between the associations they produce. To cite Mr. Paine's own example against himself: had Apollo, for example been represented as imparting to Shakspeare and to Blanchard, the same power of reducing to their jurisdiction those regions of air inaccessible to common mortals, that this deity, indignant at the reproach thrown upon his votaries, that they dealt in fiction only, had chosen Blanchard personally to explore those regions, and to refute those calumnies by his own observation; such kindred analogies would have given poetic practicality to the tale. Mr. Paine, on the contrary, states the very fact of their difference in proof of this accordance, and leaves all the properties which they inherit in common untouched. We hope that we are now understood on the subject of analogical sympathies. To have drawn out the genius of Mr. Paine to its full length, it was essentially important for his friends and admirers to have pursued directly the reverse of what they did. They should have exercised a friendly severity of criticism, and have admonished him that fame, his ruling passion, was put in serious jeopardy by such unwarrantable licences. This would have allowed no time for his love of pleasure, or of ease, to have come in competition with his nobler passion, and while it improved the poet, it would in all human probability have reclaimed and reformed the man. But while

such homage to his darling passion was paid in advance, with such prodigal munificence, the bard was injured and will go down to posterity,

loaded with all his original defects, while the man was ruined beyond the power of recovery.

A.

CHARACTER OF HUME, BY THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

"THE celebrated David Hume, whose character is so deservedly high in the literary world, and whose works, both as a philosopher and as an historian, are so wonderfully replete with genius and entertainment, was, when I was at Turin, secretary to Sir Jno. Sinclair, plenipotentiary from the court of Great Britain to his Sardinian majesty. He had then lately published those philosophical essays, which have done so much mischief to mankind, by contributing to loosen the sacred bonds by which alone man can be restrained from rushing to his own destruction, and which are so intimately necessary to our nature, that a propensity to be bound by them was apparently instilled into the human mind by the allwise Creator, as a balance against those passions which, though perhaps necessary as incitements to activity, must, without such controul, inevitably have hurried us to our ruin. The world, however, unconscious of its danger, had greedily swallowed the bait; the essays were received with applause, read with delight, and their admired author was already, by public opinion, placed at the head of the dangerous school of sceptic philosophy.

"With this extraordinary man I was intimately acquainted. He had kindly distinguished me from among a number of young men, who were then at the academy; and appeared so warmly attached to me, that it was apparent he not only intended to honour me with his

friendship, but to bestow on me what was, in his opinion, the first of all favours and benefits, by making me his convert and disciple.

"Nature, I believe, never formed any man more unlike his real character than David Hume. The powers of physiognomy were baffled by his countenance; neither could the most skilful in that science pretend to discover the smallest trace of the faculties of his mind in the unmeaning features of his visage. His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman than of a philosopher. His speech, in English, was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scotch accent, and his French was, if possible, still more laughable; so that wisdom, most certainly, never disguised herself before in so uncouth a garb. Tho' now near fifty years old, he was healthy and strong; but his health and strength, far from being advantageous to his figure, instead of manly comeliness, had only the appearance of rusticity. His wearing a uniform added greatly to his natural awkwardness, for he wore it like a grocer of the trained bands. Sinclair was a lieutenant-general, and was sent to the courts of Vienna and Turin as a military envoy, to see that their quota of troops was furnished by the Austrians and Piedmontese. It was, therefore,

thought necessary that his secretary should appear to be an officer, and Hume was accordingly disguised in scarlet.

"Having thus given an account of his exterior, it is but fair that I should state my good opinion of his character. Of all the philosophers of his sect, none, I believe, ever joined more real benevolence to its mischievous principles than my friend Hume. His love to mankind was universal and vehement; and there was no service he would not cheerfully have done to his fellow creatures, excepting only that of suffering them to save their souls in their own way. He was tender-hearted, friendly, and charitable in the extreme, as will appear from a fact, which I have from good authority. When a member of the university of Edinburgh, and in great want of money having little or no paternal fortune, and the collegiate stipend being very inconsiderable, he had procured, through the interest of some friend, an office in the university, which was worth about forty pounds a year. On the day when he had received this good news, and just when he had got into his possession the patent, or grant, entitling him to his office, he was visited by his friend Blacklock, the poet, who is much better known by his poverty and blindness, than by his genius. This poor man began a long descant on his misery, bemoaning his want of sight, his large family of children, and his utter inability to provide for them, or even to procure them the necessaries of life. Hume, unable to bear his complaints, and destitute of money to assist him, ran instantly to his desk, took out the grant, and presented it to his miserable friend, who received it with exultation, and whose name was soon after, by Hume's interest, inserted instead of his own. After such a relation it is needless that I should say any more of his genu-

ine philanthropy and generous beneficence; but the difficulty will now occur, how a man, endowed with such qualities, could possibly consent to become the agent of so much mischief as undoubtedly has been done to mankind by his writings; and this difficulty can only be solved by having recourse to that universal passion, which has, I fear, a much more general influence over all our actions than we are willing to confess. Pride, or vanity, joined to a skeptical turn of mind, and to an education which, though learned, rather sipped knowledge than drank it, was probably the ultimate cause of this singular phenomenon; and the desire of being placed at the head of a sect, whose tenets controverted and contradicted all received opinions, was too strong to be resisted by a man, whose genius enabled him to find plausible arguments, sufficient to persuade both himself and many others that his own opinions were true. A philosophical knight-errant was the dragon he had vowed to vanquish, and he was careless, or thoughtless, of the consequences which ensue from the achievement of the adventure to which he had pledged himself.—He once professed himself the admirer of a young, most beautiful, accomplished lady, at Turin, who only laughed at his passion. One day he addressed her in the usual common-place strain, that he was *abime, aneanti*—*'Oh! pour aneanti,'* replied the lady, *'ce n'est en effet qu'une operation tres naturelle de votre systeme.'*

"About this time, 1766, or somewhat before this, Lord Charlemont once more met his friend, David Hume. His lordship mentions him in some detached papers, which I shall here collect, and give to the reader. 'Nothing,' says Lord Charlemont, 'ever showed a mind more truly beneficent than Hume's whole conduct with regard to Rousseau. That story is too well

known to be repeated, and exhibits a striking picture of Hume's heart whilst it displays the strange and unaccountable vanity and madness of the French, or rather, Swiss, moralist. When first they arrived together from France, happening to meet with Hume in the Parke, I wished him joy of his pleasing connexion, and particularly hinted, that I was convinced he must be perfectly happy in his new friend, as their sentiments were, I believed, nearly similar. 'Why no, man,' said he, 'in that you are mistaken; Rousseau is not what you think him; he has a hankering after the bible, and, indeed, is little better than a christian, in a way of his own.' Excess of vanity was the madness of Rousseau. When he first arrived in London, he and his Armenian dress were followed by crowds, and as long as this species of admiration lasted, he was contented and happy. But in London, such sights are only the wonder of the day, and in a very short time he was suffered to walk where he pleased, unattended, unobserved. From that instant, his discontent may be dated. But to dwell no longer on matters of public notoriety, I shall only mention one fact, which I can vouch for truth, and which would, of itself, be amply sufficient to convey an adequate idea of the amazing eccentricity of this singular man. When, after having quarrelled with Hume, and all his English friends, Rousseau was bent on making his escape, as he termed it, into France, he stopped at a village between London and Dover, and from thence wrote to General Conway, then secretary of state, informing him, that, although he had got so far with safety, he was well apprised that the remainder of his route was so beset by his inexorable enemies, that unprotected, he could not escape. He, therefore, solemnly claimed the protection of the king, and desired that a party of cavalry might

be immediately ordered to escort him to Dover. This letter General Conway showed to me, together with his answer, in which he assured him, that the postillions were altogether a very sufficient guard throughout every part of the king's dominions. To return to Hume. In London, where he often did me the honor to communicate the manuscripts of his additional essays before their publication, I have, sometimes, in the course of our intimacy, asked him whether he tho't that, if his opinions were universally to take place, mankind would not be rendered more unhappy than they now were; and whether he did not suppose that the curb of religion was necessary to human nature? 'The objections,' answered he, 'are not without weight; but error never can produce good, and truth ought to take place of all considerations.' He never failed in the midst of any controversy, to give its due praise to every thing tolerable that was either said or written against him. One day that he visited me in London, he came into my room laughing, and apparently well-pleased. 'What has put you into this good humour, Hume?' said I. 'Why man,' replied he, 'I have just now had the best thing said to me I ever heard. I was complaining in a company, where I spent the morning, that I was very ill treated by the world, and that the censures past upon me were hard and unreasonable. That I had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but a few pages that contained any reprehensible matter, and yet, for those few pages, I was abused and torn to pieces. 'You put me in mind,' said an honest fellow in the company, whose name I did not know, 'of an acquaintance of mine, a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of his case; that, after having written many thousand inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for one line.'

"But an unfortunate disposition to doubt of every thing seemed interwoven with the nature of Hume; and never was there, I am convinced, a more thorough and sincere skeptic. He seemed not to be certain even of his own present existence, and could not, therefore, be expected to entertain any settled opinion respecting his future state. Once I asked him what he thought of the immortality of the soul?—'Why troth, man,' said he, 'it is so pretty and so comfortable a theory, that I wish I could be convinced of its truth, but I canna help doubting.'

"Hume's fashion at Paris, when he was there as secretary to Lord Hertford, was truly ridiculous; and nothing ever marked, in a more striking manner, the whimsical genius of the French. No man, from his manners, was surely less formed for their society, or less likely to meet with their approbation; but that flimsy philosophy, which pervades and deadens even their most licentious novels, was then the folly of the day. Free-thinking and English frocks were the fashion, and the Anglomanie was the *ton du pais*. Lord Holland, though far better calculated than Hume to please in France, was also an instance of this singular predilection. Being about this time on a visit to Paris, the French concluded that an Englishman of his reputation must be a philosopher, and must be admired. It was customary with him to doze after dinner, one day, at a great entertainment, he happened to fall asleep: 'Le voila!' says a marquis, pulling his neighbour by the sleeve; 'Le voila, qui pense!' But the madness for Hume was far more singular and extravagant. From what has been already said of him, it is apparent that his conversation to strangers, and particularly to Frenchmen, could be little delightful, and still more particularly, one would suppose, to French women.

And yet no lady's toilet was complete without Hume's attendance. At the opera, his broad, unmeaning face was usually seen *entre deux jolis minois*. The ladies in France give the ton, and the ton was deism; a species of philosophy ill suited to the softer sex, in whose delicate frame weakness is interesting, and timidity a charm. But the women in France were deists, as with us they were charitoteers. The tenets of the new philosophy were *a portee de tout le monde*, and the perusal of a wanton novel, such, for example, as *Therese Philosophe*, was amply sufficient to render any fine gentleman, or any fine lady, an accomplished, nay, a learned deist. How my friend Hume was able to endure the encounter of these French female Titans I know not. In England, either his philosophic pride; or his conviction that infidelity was ill suited to women, made him perfectly averse from the initiation of ladies into the mysteries of his doctrine. I never saw him so much displeased, or so much disconcerted, as by the petulance of Mrs. Mallett, the conceited wife of Bolingbroke's editor. This lady, who was not acquainted with Hume, meeting him one night at an assembly, boldly accosted him in these words: 'Mr. Hume, give me leave to introduce myself to you; we deists ought to know each other.'—'Madam,' replied he, 'I am no deist. I do not style myself so, neither do I desire to be known by that appellation.'

"Nothing ever gave Hume more real vexation than the strictures made upon his history in the house of lords by the great Lord Chatham. Soon after that speech I met Hume, and ironically wished him joy of the high honor that had been done him. 'Zounds, man,' said he, with more peevishness than I had ever seen him express, 'he's a Goth! he's a Vandal!' Indeed, his history is as dangerous in poli-

ties as his essays are in religion; and it is somewhat extraordinary, that the same man who labours to free the mind from what he supposes religious prejudices, should as zealously endeavor to shackle it with the servile ideas of despotism. But he loved the Stuart family, and history is, of course their apology. All his prepossessions, however, could never induce him absolutely to falsify history; and though he endeavors to soften the failings of his favourites, even in their actions, yet it is on the characters which he gives to them that he principally depends for their vindication; and from hence frequently proceeds in the course of his history, this singular incongruity, that it is morally impossible that a man, possessed of the character which the historian delineates, should, in certain circumstances, have acted the part which the same historian narrates and assigns to him. But now to return to his philosophical principles, which certainly constitute the discriminative feature of his character. The practice of combating received opinions had one unhappy though not unusual effect on his mind. He grew fond of paradoxes, which his abilities enabled him successfully to support; and his understanding was so far warped and bent by this unfortunate predilection, that he had well nigh lost that best faculty of the mind, the almost intuitive perception of truth. His skeptical turn made him doubt, and, consequently, dispute, every thing; yet was he a fair and pleasant disputant. He heard with patience, and answered without acrimony. Neither was his conversation at any time offensive, even to his more scrupulous companions; his good sense, and good nature prevented his saying any thing that was likely to shock; and it was not till he was provoked to argument, that, in mixed companies, he entered into his favourite topics. Where indeed, as was the case with me,

his regard for any individual rendered him desirous of making a proselyte, his efforts were great, and anxiously incessant.

"Respecting this new, or rather revived system of philosophy, *soi-disant tette*, it may, perhaps, be confessed, that it may possibly have done some good; but then it has certainly done much more mischief to mankind. On the other hand, it may perhaps be allowed, that to its prevalence we owe that general system of toleration which seems to prevail, and which is, I fear, the only speck of white that marks the present age. Yet, even this solitary virtue, if infidelity be its basis, is founded on a false principle. Christian charity, which includes the idea of universal philanthropy, and which, when *really christian*, is the true foundation on which this virtue should be erected, and not in the opinion that all religions should be tolerated, because all are alike erroneous. But even allowing this boasted benefit its full weight, to the same cause, we are, I doubt not, on the other hand, indebted for that profligacy of manners, or, to call it by the most gentle name, that frivolity which every where prevails. To this cause we owe that total disregard, that fastidious dislike, to all serious thought; for every man can be a deist without thinking; he is made so at his toilet, and, whilst his hair is dressing, reads himself into an adept; that shameful and degrading apathy to all that is great and noble; in a word, that perfect indifference to right or wrong, which enervates and characterizes this unmeaning and frivolous age. Neither have we reason to hope a favourable change. The present manners are the fashion of the day, and will not last. But infidelity will never subside into true piety. It will produce its contrary. The present is an age of irreligion; the next will, probably, be an age of bigotry."

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Travels through the Empire of Morócco. By John Buffa, M. D. Illustrated with a Map. 8vo. pp. 260. Price 7s. London. 1810.

CENSORIOUS criticks may, if they please, magnify literary vanity into a crime against the peace and the pockets of the publick; but if we punish vanity as capital, we hazard the suppression of much information which may require attention. What man upon earth would be acquitted, were his motives for appearing before the publick, scrutinized with critical severity? Humanity and policy refuse to prosecute a peccadillo, so trifling. We shall not, on the present occasion, oppose their scruples.

What Dr. Buffa has recorded against the late Medical Board; by which he deemed himself oppressed, we pass, with a wish, that oppression may never be banished from among members of a liberal profession, and from all connected with the publick service. We consider the doctor simply as a traveller into a country imperfectly known among us; and possessing some advantages as a privileged person by his profession. While waiting for a promised appointment at Gibraltar, he visited Larache; the governor of which place he happily relieved from a dangerous malady.—In a second journey he had the honour of prescribing for his Moorish majesty; for his principal sultana, and others, at Fez. He took an opportunity of travelling to Morocco, etc. further south; and the observations he made during these excursions, form the body of his volume. We regret exceedingly to learn from Dr. B's preface, that the imputation of impoliteness should, with any appearance of plausibility, attach to the venerable sovereign of the United King-

dom, on a charge of not answering a letter addressed to him from the potentate of Morocco; for though written in Arabick, it were scandalous to suppose that none in the British dominions could translate it. The French, to do them justice, would have profited by the opportunity, and would have turned such a correspondence to good account, either now or hereafter.—Why cannot John Bull emulate what is commendable in that people, without imitating what is ridiculous or profligate? Leaving the secretary of state to defend his reputation by the best arguments in his power, we direct our attention to the traveller.

Dr. B. estimates the importance of Ceuta, as a fortress, very highly. It is *now* in the hands of our countrymen. He says: "Convoys could collect here in safety, and our trade in this sea be comparatively secure from annoyance."

The following ceremony has something patriarchal in it:

"In passing through villages (which in this part are very numerous, and formed of a much greater collection of tents than those described in a former letter) we were received by a great concourse of men, women, and children, shouting, and making a noise exactly resembling the whoop of the North American savages. I was informed, that this was their usual mode of expressing their joy and mirth, on all great and solemn occasions. A venerable Moor, the chief of the surrounding villages, accompanied by the military and civil officers, and by the principal inhabitants, advanced to kiss the garment of his

excellency. This ceremony was closed by a train of women, preceded by an elderly matron, carrying a stand of colours, made of various fillets of silks; and by a young one of great beauty, supporting on her head a bowl of fresh milk, which she presented, first to the governor (or, as he is otherwise called, the sheik) then to me, and afterwards to all the officers. This ceremony is always performed by the prettiest young woman of the village; and it not unfrequently happens, that her beauty captivates the affections of the great men (sometimes even the emperor) and she becomes the legitimate and favourite wife."

We do not think much of a Moorish review, as to tactics; but as a political spectacle, it is, we doubt not, sufficiently imposing.—When describing it, Dr. B. incidentally mentions other customs of that people.

"I was at the palace precisely at four o'clock, and in a few minutes the emperor appeared, mounted on a beautiful white horse, attended by an officer of state, holding over him a large, damask umbrella, most elegantly embroidered, and followed by all his great officers, bodyguards, and a numerous band of musick. He was greeted with huzzas, in the Moorish style, by the populace, and received at all the gates and avenues of the town, with a general discharge of artillery and small arms, *the people falling upon their knees in the dust as he passed.* The streets were covered with mats and the road, as far as the plain where the troops were drawn out, was strewn with all kinds of flowers.

"The army was formed into a regular street of three deep on each side, each corps distinguished by a standard; it extended to a great length, through the immense plain of Fez, and presented a grand military spectacle. There were not less than *eighty thousand cavalry.* This review was finished in six

hours, and his imperial majesty was so much pleased with the steady, orderly, & soldier-like appearance of his troops, that he commanded a horse to be given to each of the officers, and an additional suit of clothes, and six ducats more than is customary to the men. No other exercise was performed on this occasion, than charging, firing off their pieces, and priming and loading at full gallop, by alternate divisions. Thus an incessant fire was kept up during the day."

"The cavalry are, unquestionably, most capital marksmen, and very capable of annoying, and harassing, and checking the progress of an invading army. The men are stout, strong, and robust, accustomed to a continual state of warfare, and, from their simple and moderate manner of living, fully adequate to sustain the fatigues and privations of the most arduous campaign."

The character of the present emperor is a relief to the mind, fatigued with the spectacle of unvarying despotism, as a grove of palm trees refreshes the eye, when beheld after traversing a sandy desert.

His predecessor was famous for cruelty; and his elder brothers were leading their subjects to slaughter in the field, before his accession.—May we not regard him as an instance of the advantages derived from preparatory study? even tho' that study was directed rather to literature than to politics. Nothing can be so desirable to a despotick prince, intending to do well, as the habit of sedateness, reflection, and self-possession.

"The present emperor, Muley Solyman, was the youngest prince, and lived retired in the city of Fez, assiduously occupied in studying the Alcoran, and the laws of the empire, in order to qualify himself for the office of high-priest, which he was intended to fill. From this retreat he was called by the priests,

the highest in repute as saints, in the neighbourhood of Fez, and a small party of the Moorish militia, and by them prevailed upon to come forward as a candidate for the crown, in opposition to his three brothers, who were waging war with each other, at the head of numerous forces. In the midst of this anarchy and confusion, the young prince was proclaimed emperor at Fez, by the name of Muley Solyman; and having collected a strong force, aided by the counsels of a number of brave and experienced officers, he advanced to Mequinez, which he reduced after two successive pitched battles. This place was defended by one of his brothers who, shortly after, acknowledged him as emperor, joined him, and brought over to his interest a great number of friends and partisans. He served Solyman faithfully ever after, which enabled him to withstand the united forces of his two other brothers. At length, owing to the little harmony that prevailed in the armies of his competitors; he effected his purpose. Taking advantage of their increasing animosity, he advanced towards Morocco, fighting and conquering the whole way. He entered the capital in triumph, after a general and decisive battle; and was again proclaimed emperor.

"The gardens of the Seraglio are beautifully laid out by Europeans, and contain several elegant pavillions and summer houses, where the ladies take tea and recreate themselves; baths, fountains, and solitary retreats for those inclined to meditation; in short, nothing is wanting to render this a complete, terrestrial paradise, but liberty, the deprivation of which must embitter every enjoyment.—

"Muley Solyman, the present emperor, is about thirty-eight years of age, in height about six feet two inches, of a tolerably fair complexion, with remarkably fine teeth, large dark eyes, aquiline nose,

and black beard; the tout ensemble of his countenance noble and majestic. He governs Barbary with discretion and moderation. In the distribution of justice, or in rewarding his subjects, he is just and impartial; in his private conduct no less pious and exemplary, than, in his public capacity, firm and resolute, prompt and courageous."

We cannot follow Dr. B. into the recesses, porticos, or squares of the seraglio. We must even relinquish his account of the hunted lion, and the ravages committed by that formidable animal. If the doctor was convinced that the Moors, by a manner of preparation, "*deprive charcoal of the baneful effects usually experienced from it in England,*" was not his remissness blamable, in neglecting to obtain information on that subject, considering the number of artisans which are obliged, by the nature of their business, to be perpetually involved in the fumes of this noxious species of fuel? It was natural that a medical man should examine the state of the art of healing, among the *tweebs* of Morocco; it is despicable enough: so is that of literature in general. The condition of the Jews is extremely pitiable; and if we understand our traveller rightly, the Jewish women are resorted to, to supply the riotous inhabitants with abandoned companions. Can the lowest degree of *abjection* in a people be more strongly marked? The late emperor attempted to exterminate the Jews; their property was furiously plundered, yet they exist, and increase so rapidly, that our traveller, says the emperor *must* enlarge the limits of the space wherein they dwell.

We give the doctor credit for having used his influence with the rulers of this empire in favour of the British interests; and for his seasonable assistance in rescuing four drunken, British sailors in Larache, who, "having drank too

much *aquardiente* [aqua-ardente] imagined themselves in the streets of Gibraltar," and raised a mob by attempting to lift up the veil of a Moorish belle; drunk they were, indisputably, or they had never struck on the rock of *that* temptation.

Further proficiency in Arabick will induce the doctor to write *Nazarene*, for "*Massarene* (for so they denominate a Christian.)" To consider *dogwar* as the circle of tents forming a village, not as the name of a place; and to accept *Beni*, sons, as the plural of *Ben*, a son, it is necessary, when distinguishing a tribe. Neither will he repeat the article, "*an al-haiky*" *al* is the Arabick article.

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COOKE THE TRAGEDIAN.

[An interesting and amusing life of this celebrated personage has just made its appearance, written by W. DUNLAP, Esq. The late period at which we received it, permits us to make but scanty extracts.]

ON Wednesday the twenty-first of November, he made his first appearance on the American stage, in the character of Richard the third.

The throng at the avenues was unexampled; the press violent and dangerous; many, in the confusion, without wishing it, were forced through the doors, and no payments received for them. Many ladies were taken round to the back door of the theatre, in Theatre Alley, and introduced to the boxes from behind the curtain. The confusion was very great, but it was caused principally by a want of foresight; the inconvenience of the entrance to the boxes never having been made manifest before by any great press upon the house.

On Mr. Cooke's appearance this evening, the burst of welcome was such as may be imagined to come from 2,200 people assembled to greet him with the warmest expression of their satisfaction on his arrival. He entered on the right hand of the audience, and with a dignified, erect deportment walked to the centre of the stage

amidst their plaudits. His appearance was picturesque, and proudly noble; his head elevated, his step firm, his eye beaming fire. I saw no vestige of the venerable gray-haired old gentleman I had been introduced to at the Coffee House; and the utmost effort of imagination could not have reconciled the figure I now saw with that of imbecility and intemperance.

He returned the salutes of the audience, not as a player to the public on whom he depended, but as a victorious prince, acknowledging the acclamations of the populace on his return from a successful campaign—as Richard Duke of Gloster, the most valiant branch of the triumphant house of York.

When he spoke

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of
York;
And all the clouds that lowered upon our
house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried;
Now are our brows bound with victori-
ous wreaths,
Our stern alarums," &c,

the high key in which he pitched his voice, and its sharp and rather grating tones, caused a sensation of disappointment in some, and a fear in others, that such tones could not be modulated to the various cadences of nature, or such a voice have compass for the varied expression of harmonious diction and distracting passion, which the characters of Shakspeare require; but disappointment and fear vanished, and conviction and admiration succeeded, and increased to the dropping of the curtain; when reiterated plaudits expressed the fulness with which expectation had been realised, and taste and feeling gratified.

Previous to his going on, Mr. Cooke's agitation was extreme. He trembled like an untried candidate who had never faced an audience; and he has afterwards said feelingly, that the idea of appearing before a new people, and in a new world, at his advanced time of life, agitated him even more than his first appearance before that London audience which was to decide his fate.

There were on this occasion received, eighteen hundred and twenty dollars. The amount would have been more, but for the confusion before mentioned. There were 1,358 persons accounted for in the boxes.

The following short memoir, written by Mr. Cooke soon after his arrival, evinces the impression made upon him by his reception in the new world.

"On Wednesday evening I made my appearance before the New-York audience, and was received in the most warm and flattering manner. My applause throughout the play, and at the conclusion, exceeded my utmost expectations. It was said to be the greatest house ever known in America. It was a resemblance of the audiences at Drury Lane, when Mrs. Siddons first appeared there, many hun-

dreds being unable to procure admittance. The box book was closed on the morning.

Mr. Cooke felt that he played before an intelligent audience, who received, with marked approbation what he knew to be his *best points*. This justly pleased and encouraged him. On the night of Richard, he had been particularly gratified in observing the sensation produced by his sneering speech to Lord Stanley,

"Well, Sir, and as you guess?"

* * * * *

The boisterous behaviour which was frequent with my hero, under certain circumstances, was a great annoyance to those who lodged in the same house with him, and sometimes produced reproof from the sufferers.

One night at the Exchange Coffee-House, when Mr. Price was out and Cooke was in the above-mentioned noisy humour; a gentleman who, in a neighbouring chamber, in vain waited for a cessation of hostilities that he might go to rest, at length came into Cooke's apartment to expostulate with him. Cooke peremptorily ordered him out of his room, and called him scoundrel, and every thing vile, he could think of.

The other replied, "Sir, I am not used to such language, and I will not put up with it. Sir, I am a gentleman."

"A gentleman!—You are a gentleman!—Sam!—Sam!—Bring two candles—light them at both ends, and show the yankee gentleman down stairs!"

About ten o'clock in the morning of the 19th of February, 1811, after one of the most inclement nights of one of the coldest of our winters, when our streets were choked with the ice and snow, a little girl came to the manager's office at the theatre with a note scarcely legible, running thus—

"Dear Dunlap, send me one hundred dollars.

G. F. COOKE."

I asked the child of whom she got the paper she had given me.

"Of the gentleman, Sir."

"Where is he?"

"At our house."

"Where is that?"

"In Reed-street, behind the Hospital."

"When did this gentleman come to your house?"

"Last night, Sir, almost morning—mother is sick, Sir, and I was sitting up with her, and a negro and a watchman brought the gentleman to our house and knocked, and we knew the watchman; and so mother let the gentleman come in and set by the fire—he didn't want to come in at first, but said when he was at the door, 'let me lay down here and die.'"

Mr. Price came to the theatre, and I learned from him that Cooke having sat up late and become turbulent, to the annoyance of the family, he had insisted upon his going to bed, and he had apparently complied; but that when the household were all at rest, he had come down from his chamber, unlocked the street door, and sallied out in the face of a west wind of more than Russian coldness. After consulting with Mr. Price, and showing the paper brought by the girl, I put one hundred dollars in small bank notes in my pocket, and taking the messenger as my pilot, went in quest of George Frederick.

As we walked I asked my conductress what the gentleman had been doing since he came to her mother's house.

"Sitting by the fire, Sir, & talking."

"Has he had any thing to drink?"

"Yes Sir—he sent the negro man out for brandy, and he brought two quarts."—"Poor old gentleman," she continued, 'the people at the house where he lived must have used him very ill, and it was very cruel to

turn him out o'doors *such a night.*'

"Does he say he was turned out o'doors?"

"Yes Sir—he talks a great deal—to be sure I believe he is crazy."

We entered a small wooden building in Reed-street. The room was dark, and appeared the more so, owing to the transition from the glare of snow in the streets. I saw nothing distinctly for the first moment, and only perceived that the place was full of people. I soon found that they were the neighbours, brought in to gaze at the strange crazy gentleman; and sheriff's officers distraining for the rent on the furniture of the sick widow who occupied the house.

The bed of the sick woman filled one corner of the room, surrounded by curtains—sheriff's officers, a table, with pen, ink, and inventory, occupied another portion—a motley group, of whom Cooke was one, hid the fire-place from view; and the remainder of the apartment was filled by cartmen, watchmen, women, and children.

When I recognised Cooke, he had turned from the fire, and his eye was on me with an expression of shame and chagrin at being found in such a situation. His skin and eyes were red, his linen dirty, his hair wildly pointing in every direction from his 'distracted globe,' & over his knee was spread an infant's bib, or something else; with which, having lost his pocket handkerchief, he wiped his incessantly moistened visage. After a wild stare at me, he changed from the first expression of his countenance, and welcomed me. He asked me why I had come? I replied, that I had received his note, and brought him the money he had required. I sat down by him, and after a few incoherent sentences of complaint, and entreaty that I would not leave him, he burst into tears. I soothed him, and replied to his repeated entreaties of 'don't

leave me,' by promises of remaining with him, but told him we must leave that place. He agreed, but added, with vehemence, 'Not back to his house—No, never! never! !'—which apparent resolution he confirmed with vehement and reiterated oaths. The officer let me know that the gentleman had stopped the levying on the goods, and agreed to pay the quarter's rent. I was proceeding to make some inquiries, but Cooke, in the most peremptory tone, required that the money should be paid; as if fearing that his ability to fulfil his promise should be doubted by the by-standers. I paid the money, and demanded a receipt. The officer, who was nearly drunk, asked for the gentleman's christian name; when, with all the dignity of the buskin, the drooping hero, raised his head, and roared out most discordantly, 'George Frederick ! George Frederick Cooke!' The peculiar sharpness of the higher tones of his voice, joined to the unmelodious, broken, and croaking notes of debauchery, with his assumed dignity, and squalid appearance, were truly comic, though pitiable.

The receipt given by the officer

I will copy as a curiosity.

Received New-York Febuary 19th 1811 of G f Cook thirty four dollars and 75-100 In Full of a Landlords Warrant Due to Isaak Halsey For House Rent Due From the First Day of Febuary Last In Full For House Rent Due and costs——]

§34 75-100 { MOSES SINGUER
Marshall.

The combination of circumstances, flowing from causes as inevitable as they are unforeseen, makes of the sober record of real life such a relation of effects as a romance writer would not think of; or if his imagination suggested them, he would not present them to the public, for fear of the charge of improbable fiction.

We here see a poor woman, a widow, with several children, supported by her industry, who is incapacitated by sickness from making those exertions on which the usual subsistence of the family depends; while want and its chilling train are the attendants upon the bed of sickness. Still some support remains while the necessary and commodious furniture of the house gives present comfort, and may, by future sale, aid in animating to exertion, and perhaps in restoring health. But quarter-day comes; and in the depth of an uncommonly hard winter, a harder, and a colder heart, sends its brutal and drunken ministers, armed by resistless authority, to tear away the curtain from the bed of the sick sufferer, and the blanket from the shivering victim of penury and neglect. This last blow is suspended but till the morrow; and the anxious mother lies, wakeful and heart-broken, watched by one of her children, who is preserved by health and inexperienced youth from the cares which waste her parent. In the mean time, revelling in sensuality, and overwhelmed by the good gifts of nature and of fortune, a man, who all his life seems to have been struggling to mar the good lavishly cast upon him, sallies out from every comfort of warmth and enjoyment, and is saved from death by the hospitable poverty of the widow's comfortless dwelling. In return, a portion of his superfluity is applied for her relief; the impending blow which would have probably destroyed the prostrate sufferer is warded off; and returning hope and health make the catastrophe of this 'romance of real life' as cheerful as it threatened to be gloomy and heart-rending.

After giving a five dollar note to the child who guided me to him, and making some other presents to members of the family, Mr. Cooke agreed to go to Bryden's in a sleigh, which I had previously sent for.

He rose from his chair; his step was not steady, and some of the crowd offered to assist him; but he put them by with his hand, in a style of courtly contempt. He accepted my arm, but before we reached the door, stopped to wipe his face, and having lost the piece of dirty linen he had before used, he made inquiry for his handkerchief—it was not to be found; and I, fearing a change in his determination, and somewhat

impatient of my own situation, offered him a white handkerchief, which I had put in my pocket but a few minutes before receiving his note, and which, after seeing the filthy rag he had been using, and displaying on his knee before the fire, I did not hesitate to present to him; but he put it aside with a most princely motion, saying, "A gentleman cannot accept a handkerchief that has been used."

FROM MOSER'S VESTIGES REVIVED.

M A Y - D A Y.

For thee, sweet May, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.

DRYDEN.

THE custom of dancing round the Maypole was, we believe, in former times, as common in other countries as in *England*. In *Switzerland*, tradition has informed us, that in one of the smaller cities, under the shade of venerable boughs stood a large conduit of white stone. Previous to the first of *May*, a deputation of the younger burghers used to be sent to the Black Forest, where a tall pine was chosen; and in this selection, great attention was paid first to its shapeless branches, and next to its top, which was extremely valued, if, leaving its collateral shoots, it ascended in the form of a candle. This tree was felled, placed upon a carriage drawn by a number of oxen and horses, decorated for the occasion, and with great ceremony, shouts of joy, and songs of triumph, conveyed to the city. As the ca-

valcade approached the gate, it was met by the maidens; a circumstance which increased, of course, the exultations, and in this manner attended to the conduit; where, when it was raised, the female part of the assembly took the charge of its decorations: these consisted of a vast variety of ribbands, festoons of egg-shells died of a variety of colours, flowers, flags, &c. &c. The celebration of the first of *May* was in the morning conducted with great solemnity; a kind of dramatic representations occupied the afternoon; and the evening concluded with music and dancing.

It is stated by *Stow*, that 'in the month of *May*, the citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every parish, and sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several mayings; and did fetch in maypoles, with divers warlike

shews, with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devices for past-time, all the day long; and towards the evening, they had stage-plays and bonfires in the streets: these great mayings and maygames were made by the Governors or Masters of the city, who, as well as the monarch and the nobility, used themselves to go generally to *Greenwich, Charlton Woods, and Blackheath.*

Chaucer, and, indeed, most of our ancient poets, have had as strong an impression of the beauties of May as the Romans, who deified this month under the appellation of *Maia*, the mother of *Mercury*. *Dryden's* allusion to this subject is as beautiful as the nymph he paints:

"Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,

'Till once ('twas on the morn of cheerful May)

The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new

(For with the rosy colour strove her hue,) Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day,
To do th' observance due to sprightly May:

For sprightly May commands our youth to keep

The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep.

Palamon and Arcite, DRYDEN'S FABLES.

The first of May used to be called *Robin Hood's* day; an appellation derived from that celebrated outlaw, who was, at all the mayings, may-games, and sports at the conduits, considered as *Lord of the May*. *The Lady of the May*, or *Maid Marian*, used to be represented by one of the most beautiful girls of the neighbourhood,

'Who had on her holiday kirtle and gown,
Which were of light Lincoln green.'

The attendants were *Little John*, *Will Scarlet*, *Midge* the miller's son, and other outlaws. *The Pindar of Wakefield*, the *Bishop of*

Hereford, and *Friar Tuck*, had also parts to perform in these interludes, which not only obtained so much celebrity in the metropolis, but spread over a very great part of *England* and of *Wales*, in both of which countries we have seen the *May-morris* danced, and heard the songs and recitations in praise of *Robin Hood*. These celebrations, although rendered imperfect, by descending through the medium of oral tradition, were, like the other stage plays of ancient times, most unquestionably exhibited first in a dramatic form: of which, indeed, there are, from the time of '*Robin Hood's Garland*,'* '*George a Green*,† the *Pindar of Wakefield*, 'the *Sad Shepherd*, a fragment by *Ben Johnson*, and many other specimens remaining.

*The hut in Sherwood Forest, of old the head-quarters of the celebrated outlaw, still remains: it is now a public house: the forest itself has, in a course of centuries, been, as *Dr. Johnson* would have said, denuded of its timber. In the fourteen miles from Nottingham to Mansfield, the paucity of trees is extremely conspicuous. Yet this part of the country, though now a world, was once a wood impervious to the solar ray.

†This celebrated character is the hero of an ancient drama, (a) which bears his name and appellation. In this he displays his loyalty to *KING EDWARD*, which is, by the by, an anachronism of at least seventy-two years: the monarch in question should have been *Richard I.* in order to have brought the *Pindar of Wakefield* and *Robin Hood* together: however, they appear in the scene, fight, are reconciled, and favoured. It is a curious traditional trait, which shows how popular, some years ago, this circumstance was in *Yorkshire*, that not only *Wakefield*, but the *Ridings, Nottinghamshire*, &c. rung with the fame of *George a Green*: and to doubt that he fought *Robin Hood* would have been deemed little less than heresy. The description of the combat is in the collection of ballads before mentioned, called *Robin Hood's Garland*. It is also mentioned by *Drayton*, in his *Poly-Olbion*, Song 28; and adverted to by *Richard Braithwaite*, in "*The Strappado of the Devil*," 1805, p. 205.

a Printed at London, 1599.

On May morning it was the custom of the inhabitants of London to adorn the outside of their houses with branches of the white thorn bushes; which thence acquired the appellation of May, and which it was the business of the apprentices and servants, for some days before, to procure. This like the sacred *mistletoe*, it is scarcely necessary to state, was, in its application, a practice derived from the *Druids*, and adopted by the *Saxons*, whose passion for trees of every description induced them to place them, or their branches, in every situation in which they could with any propriety be placed, to imitate them in their architecture, and to make compositions of flowers and foliage the ornamental appendages of every part

of their churches, &c. that would admit of decoration.

The custom of decorating the fronts of the houses, the market-crosses, and conduits, with branches of trees and garlands of flowers, during the first week in *May*; the pageant of *Robin Hood*, and the dancing *Maid Marian's morris*, are customs ancient as the introduction of *May-Poles*, which, in many parts of *England* and *Wales*, we have known to prevail within these forty years: perhaps some traces of them still remain: they were, it appears, both from record and tradition, once as prevalent in the metropolis, where the conduits were the scenes of dramatic pageantry, and the *Maypole* the centre of gestic hilarity.

THE WELSH INDIANS.

From Stoddart's Sketches of Louisiana, a very interesting work recently published, we extract the following letter, which appears in a Note to the discussion of the proofs of the existence of a Welsh Colony on our continent before the discovery by Columbus—a discussion so amusing as well as instructive, that we should certainly copy the whole of it but that it is rather too long for this publication. Of this work in general, we may safely say, that all who wish to obtain a view of Louisiana delineated with scrupulous fidelity, and in plain unsophisticated language, cannot do better than read attentively Stoddart's Sketches,

From "Stoddart's Sketches of Louisiana."

As another proof, that the Welsh once lived in or near Florida, and also on the Missouri, the following interesting letter, (received since this chapter was prepared for the press) from his excellency John Sevier, dated Knoxville, Tennessee, October 9th, 1810, is here introduced.

"I shall, with pleasure, give you the information required, so far as my memory will now serve me, and the help of a memorandum I hastily took on the subject, of a nation of people called the Welsh Indians. In the year 1782, I was on a campaign against the Cherokees, and during my route discovered traces

of very ancient fortifications. Some time after the expedition, I had occasion to enter into a negotiation with the Cherokee chiefs, for the purpose of exchanging prisoners. After the exchange had been settled, I took an opportunity of enquiring of a venerable old chief, named Oconostoto, (then, and for nearly six years, had been a ruling chief of the Cherokee nation) if he could inform me of the people that had left such signs of fortifications in their country, and particularly the one on the bank of the Highwassee river? The old warrior briefly answered me as follows: "It is handed down by our forefathers, that the works were made by *white people*, who had formerly inhabited the country, while the Cherokees lived lower down in the country, now called South-Carolina, and that a war existed between the two nations for many years. At length it was discovered that the *whites* were making a number of large boats, which induced the Cherokees to suppose that they intended to descend the Tennessee river. They then collected their whole band of warriors, and took the shortest and most convenient route to the Muscle Shoals in order to intercept them down the river. In a few days the boats were in sight, and a warm combat ensued, with various successes for several days. At length the *whites* proposed to the Indians, that if they would exchange prisoners, and cease hostilities, they would leave the country, and never more return; which was acceded to, and, after the exchange, parted in friendship. The *whites* then descended the Tennessee to the Ohio, and then down to the Big River, (Mississippi) then up it to the Muddy River (Missouri) then up that river to a very great distance. They are now on some of its branches; but they are no longer a *white people*—they are now all become Indians, and look like the other red

people of the country." I then asked him if he ever heard any of his ancestors say, what nation of people those white people belonged to? He answered: "I have heard my grandfather and other old people say, that they were a people called *Welsh*; that they had crossed the *great water*, and landed near the mouth of Alabama river, and were finally driven to the heads of its waters, and even to Highwassee river, by the Mexican Indians, who had been driven out of their own country by the Spaniards." Many years past I happened in company with a Frenchman, who lived with the Cherokees, and had been a great explorer of the country west of the Mississippi. He informed me, "that he had been high up the Missouri, and traded several months with the *Welsh tribe*; that they spoke much of the *Welsh dialect*, and although their customs were savage and wild, yet many of them, particularly the females, were very *fair and white*, and frequently told him, they had sprung from a *white nation* of people; also stated they had yet some small scraps of books remaining among them, but in such tattered and destructive order, that nothing intelligible remained." He observed that their settlement was in a very obscure part of the Missouri, surrounded with innumerable lofty mountains. The Frenchman's name has escaped my memory, but I believe it was something like Duroque. In my conversation with the old chief Oconostoto, he informed me, that an old woman in his nation named Peg, had some part of an old book given her by an Indian living high up the Missouri, and thought he was one of the *Welsh tribe*. Unfortunately, before I had an opportunity of seeing the book, the old woman's house, and its contents, were consumed by fire. I have conversed with several persons, who saw and examined the

book, but it was so worn and dis- figured, that nothing intelligible remained; neither did any one of them understand any language but their own, and even that very imperfectly."

RURAL ECONOMY.

We have always considered the introduction of Merino sheep among us, as a most important acquisition, and productive of permanent and extensive benefits to our country. To us, this advantage has resulted, from the devastations of the despot of France, in oppressed and usurped Spain; and the zeal and industry of our farmers, will we trust, reap a rich reward for the readiness and liberality with which they have encouraged the importation of these valuable animals.

METHOD OF SCOURING MERINO WOOL.

By JOHN BENNETT, Esq.

In a letter to the Secretary of the Society.

PITHOUSE, WILTS, March 17, 1812.

SIR,

I HAVE this day received the letter requesting me to give you a written account, for the use of the Merino Society, of my mode of washing Spanish wool. I shall always be happy to have it in my power to communicate any information to you, which may forward the intentions of the Society; and you are at liberty to publish this letter, as an answer to yours, in your Report, or not, as you may think proper.

The wool should first be sorted into four sorts.—1st. R. or Refino; 2d, F, or Fino; 3d, T, or Tertio; and 4th, G. or Garras.*—These marks or names were given me by a Spanish wool merchant, who assured me they were correct, though

* Laysteyrie distinguishes the sorts thus:—1st. R, or Florete or Refina; 2d, F, or Fina; 3d, T, or Tercera; 4th, K, or Cahidas. T. G. B.

I have been told that the last sort is generally marked R. The G, or Garras, contains only the refuse of the fleeee, a very small quantity and of about one sixth of the value of the R, wool.

After it is sorted, put about 20lbs. of wool into a hogshhead tub about half full of water, as hot as it is possible to bear a hand in it. (Not having a thermometer by me, I cannot be more accurate, nor is it very material.) Let the R, and F, wool stay 20 minutes in the water, during which time it must be constantly pressed down, and stirred about with a stick. At the end of 20 minutes take it out of the hot water, and convey it in baskets to a running stream, where it must be put into a trough made of boards, 5 feet long, 2 feet broad, and 1 foot deep, with a wire grate at each end, and so fixed for the time in the stream, that the water

may run through it. A man must stand over the trough, and with his hand continue to turn up the wool, till the water has washed all grit and dirt from it. After this the wool must be put into a small press either with a screw or lever to press the water from it, and then it must be spread very thin in flakes on garden mats to dry. It must be turned carefully whilst drying, and all pitch or other dirt which the hot water could not move, picked out. All stained wool, which would not become white, must also be taken from the first three sorts, and put with the G. wool. In the summer it will dry in one day by the heat of the sun, and it is so dried in Spain. But I think it better to dry it in the shade; for drying it in the sun will make it feel harsh; in winter it may be dried in barns or sheds of any kind, and it will not be injured by being a long time drying, it should be perfectly dry before it is packed.

The T wool should be half an hour in the hot water, and if very dirty the water should be changed once. The G wool should have water nearly boiling, and it should be changed once. When a running stream cannot be had, it may be washed in baskets in standing water in small quantities, with more care, and instead of a press the water may be squeezed out with the hand.

The above mode of washing will make the wool cleaner than it is ever made in Spain, and I have been told by manufacturers that my wool, which has been washed in the manner here described, is two pounds in a score or one tenth cleaner than Spanish wool generally is. All Spanish wool is scour- ed by a particular process by the manufacturer, and were we to use soap and get out all the grease, I think we should make the wool feel harsh, particularly if long kept after washing. We should also lose in weight more than would be made up in price.

A Spanish wool merchant, who was bred up in the trade in Spain, sorted and directed the washing of about 300 fleeces of Merino wool for me in this house in November last, and from him I learnt the above mode of doing it. Any person who tries it will find very little difficulty in washing his wool as clean as he may wish to have it; and he may find by handling, even when it is wet, if it is sufficiently free from the grease. I do not think that the wool would be injured if the water was used much hotter than here stated, but it would be cleaner from grease, and consequently lose in weight.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,
JOHN BENNETT.

On the *Marriage, Concubinage, and Children* of the TURKS, from the present state of the Ottoman Empire.—By ELIAS HABESCI. Published in London, 1784.

Marriage is held sacred by the Turks, although no minister of religion, nor any religious ceremony, is concerned in it. The caddi, or judge of the place, celebrates it. He unites the parties by a civil contract. The bride does not appear

upon this occasion: but the father, or some one of her relations, makes the contract for her; and this ceremony, though custom, has the force of a law. After the contract is signed, the relations of the bride bring her with great ceremony to

the house of her husband, who undresses her and puts her to bed.

They have an inferior kind of marriage, which they call *capin*. It is likewise made before the caddi; but is only for a limited time; and a sum of money is stipulated to be paid by the husband to the woman, if he puts her away at its expiration. This species of marriage was instituted for the convenience and pleasure of strangers and travellers. A Mahometan may marry women of any religion under the sun, provided there are books written or printed in its favour. Even the eunuchs are allowed to marry; and several of them have many wives. A Turk may have four legitimate wives; and he is limited to this number, rather from economy than the rigour of the law: for, as he is obliged to make a settlement upon each at his marriage, the expence would be insupportable. But that the law of having four wives may not infringe the privilege which they say they enjoy from heaven, of possessing as many women as they please, they keep women slaves, whose number is not limited, but depends entirely on the caprice of the man, or his ability to maintain them.

It is very remarkable that the concubinage of the husband does not make the wives jealous, as in christian countries. However, the husbands are obliged to caress their wives once a week at least, in default of which they complain to the caddi, who obliges them to do their duty to their wives. Complaints of this kind are very frequent, among the lower classes of the people. As to the better sort of women, they know how to indemnify themselves by more pleasing and more secret means. The dishonour attending the infidelity, wantonness, and lubricity of Turkish wives, does not fall upon the husband; but upon the relations of the woman, and principally upon the person who made the contract for her before the caddi.

As for the offspring, those who are born of their wives, are esteemed the children of the father; and are his heirs. Those who are born of slaves, remain slaves; and, after the death of the father, they become slaves to their legitimate brothers, if the father have not provided for them otherwise. The grand signor is not obliged to marry, but the first four women who have children by him, are called the sultanas, his wives.

On the comparative excellence of the sciences and arts; by Mr. William Roscoe. Read in the Manchester philosophical society.

THERE is, perhaps, no circumstance more injurious both to our improvement and happiness, than a propensity to engage, and persevere, in the study of particular branches of science, without first taking that enlarged and general view of our nature and destination, by which we ought to ascertain, and arrange in due succession the

proper objects of our pursuit. For want of attention to this important subject, learning and industry have frequently been exerted on unworthy objects; and genius and taste trifled away, without either affording advantage to mankind, or obtaining reputation to their possessor.

If, from the time of our entrance on the world, we were enabled fully to exercise those powers of mind which are but gradually unfolded, this would be the first consideration which would suggest itself to a rational being; and though those powers are developed only by degrees, yet there is a period in the life of every man, when, collecting together those ideas, which have been suffered to wander almost unrestrained over the fields of amusement, it behoves him to consider with serious attention that tablet, which is to contain, in eternal colours, the picture of his future life; and, like a skilful artist, to observe what requires his first attention, and what are only secondary objects of his regard.

As it is the first aim of the painter to produce on his canvass, some great and striking effect—and by a proper arrangement of parts, to form a beautiful and consistent whole; so it is the business of every man, in the conduct of life, to exhibit to the world a great and consistent character. In order to accomplish this end, it is necessary to keep one grand object in view, and never suffer ourselves to be drawn from it by too minute an attention to less important parts; for though these may be in themselves commendable, yet, if the principal object has been neglected, in order to bestow more assiduity on these inferior parts, it betrays a deficiency in judgment and true taste, which it will be impossible any other merit can fully compensate.

It is, however, much to be apprehended, that many persons have past through the world, not only without discovering, but without once reflecting on the proper objects of their pursuit: and the number is not less, perhaps, of those, who, having formed clear and determinate ideas of their duty, have in course of their conduct lost sight of them; and suffered those things, which required their immediate

exertions, totally to supercede the higher ends, to which they ought only to be auxiliary.

In general life, what is more common than to suffer the laudable desire of acquiring independence to degenerate into an eagerness for accumulating riches, without a reference to any further end? But can we avoid pitying the man who employs his time in gilding the frame, when he should be finishing the picture?

In the pursuits of science, this error continually occurs; we suffer some particular study, which, perhaps, accident rather than choice first suggested, to claim the continual sacrifice of our time, and the full exertion of our talents; while subjects remain neglected, of far more importance, and, perhaps, in fact more suited to our tempers and abilities.

The difficulty of divesting ourselves of particulars, and looking on things in a general view, will, however, decrease in proportion as we habituate ourselves to such employment; and it is rather for the purpose of illustrating the property of the practice, than with the expectation of facilitating it, that I enter more fully into the subject.

Man in his original constitution, is endowed with a variety of faculties, different in their ends and nature: but, I conceive, they may be reduced to the three following, viz. the moral sense, or that which distinguishes virtue and vice; the rational faculty, distinguishing truth and falsehood; and the sentimental faculty, or, as it is usually called; taste, which distinguishes beauty from deformity. To the acquisitions made in improving the rational and moral powers we give the name of science; whilst the sentimental faculty is the foundation of the pleasures we receive from the study of the polite arts.

As these faculties may be improved by exercise, so they may be

injured, and decay by neglect, and becomes totally inapplicable to any good and useful purpose : and it is therefore the duty of every rational being, to make this improvement the first object of his attainment. But in doing this, we should first enquire by what means we may best answer this good end ; for as these original endowments can only be cultivated by means of the sciences and arts, and as these are much diversified in themselves, disclose to us different views, and lead to different ends ; it becomes a business of much importance, to enquire what particular branch of science, or of art, is most deserving of our attention, before we suffer ourselves to be attracted by such other less important, though not useless, investigations, as may accidentally come across our way.

Now it may certainly be taken for granted, that as beings accountable for our moral conduct, and influencing by that conduct, not only our own happiness, but, in a great degree, the happiness of others, those studies which have an immediate reference to the moral duties of life, are of the first importance.

The study of the works of nature may next be allowed to engage our attention—a study, on the knowledge of which depend many of the conveniences and pleasures of life ; and which has, perhaps, a still higher claim to our notice, as inducing us to form to ourselves proper ideas of the attributes and perfections of the great creator ; who has opened before us his extensive volume, and endowed us with abilities to judge of, and taste to enjoy the beauties it affords.

Science, then, is either moral, or natural ; the first, immediately connected with the conduct of human life ; the second, more remotely so, through the medium of the works of nature : with respect to the former, as it is the indispensable duty of every man to be as fully ac-

quainted with it, as his abilities and situation will permit, so it is disgraceful and dangerous to neglect it : while the latter, though honorable and useful in the acquisition, may be postponed, or omitted, till a proficiency be made in more important studies.

Notwithstanding this, it has been observed of late, and experience seems to justify the observation, that the present age is more attached to the study of natural philosophy, than to that of morals ; which may possibly arise from an idea, that the latter affords but a small scope for the exercise of the mind, and consists chiefly of propositions either self-evident, or capable of a simple and decided demonstration. Admitting for a moment this to be the case ; yet it by no means precludes the necessity of transferring to our own use, the result of other men's labours ; which can only be done by a diligent application to the same studies and pursuits. It is not whether the science be known, but whether I know it, about which I ought to be solicitous.

It will, however, appear, upon a nearer view, that the science of morals affords a much wider field than may at first sight be imagined. The great variety of circumstances and combinations which arise in a polished and commercial state, open to an accurate observer, a perpetual source of speculation. It is, however, my province to sketch the outline only ; to fill it up, properly, would require higher abilities, and more accurate research.

The duties of life are immediately derived from the different relations in which mankind are placed. As a simple, existing being, detached from any other of his species, there is a connexion between man and his creator, which subjects him to certain duties, prior in point of obligation, to every other claim.

As individuals, connected with other individuals, all entitled to the same rights as ourselves—as

members of the particular state from which we derive protection—and from the other social and domestic relations of life, many duties are incumbent on us, which require no small degree of accuracy, care, and attention, to perform in such a manner as to merit the approbation of those with whom we are connected, and of our own minds.

Nor let it be thought beneath the dignity of a philosopher to examine the laws that subsist between man and the inferior animals of the creation; a subject, yet, but slightly touched on, though, highly deserving of further enquiry. That acts of injustice may be, and too frequently are exercised upon them, cannot be doubted; and if so, the necessity of some regulations, in this respect, is the immediate consequence of such concession. A right of property, according to the present system of things, includes also a right to torment, to mutilate, and to kill; to weary out nature by repeated sufferings; or to destroy at once that vital spark, the immediate gift of the divinity, which, when once extinguished, no human power can restore: but, it is to be hoped, this may not arise so much from a ferocity and wanton propensity to cruelty in the human mind, as from a too prevalent idea, that there are no mutual rights between man and the brute creation; absolute property being vested in the one, and unlimited resignation in the lot of the other. To counteract this false and injurious opinion, neither moral injunctions, nor political regulations should be wanting; nor can the powers of the mind be more honourably exerted, than in preventing the unnecessary extension of actual pain in the universe; or in pleading the cause of that class of beings, to whom nature, though he gave the capacity of pain, denied the power of remonstrating against their sufferings.

These then are of all others the studies,

Quæ magis ad nos

Pertinent, et nescire malum est.

On the cultivation of these depends not only our present, but our future welfare; and shall we, with the ill-timed application of the pretended philosopher, persist in the solution of a mathematical problem while the house burns around us; or suffer shells and feathers to attract our notice, while our happiness and our misery hang yet in the balance, and it remains in the power of our utmost exertion to throw an atom in the scale?

Impressed with the idea that these studies are of the first importance to us, and conscious that we are not uninformed with respect to them; it may then be allowed us, to engage in the acquisition of other branches of science, which unite, with the gratification of an innocent and natural passion, the expectation of being enabled to render our employment of essential service to the happiness of mankind.

To these studies we may give the name of natural philosophy, though, perhaps in a more general acceptation that in which it has been, of late, understood: but I am not aware of any impropriety in the use of this term, applied to the study of the whole system of nature; as well intellectual as material. The faculties of the human mind are as much a part of that system, as the form of our bodies, and seem therefore equally to be included under the study of natural philosophy.

In pursuing the subject, it will, however, be necessary to advert to the different channels into which this great branch of science is divided. These are, first, the knowledge of intellect, called metaphysics; secondly, the knowledge of the extent and quantity of substances, called mathematics; and thirdly, the knowledge of particular properties of substances, usually called physies.

"The mind of man," says a late excellent writer, "is the noblest work of God, which nature discovers to us, and therefore on account of its dignity deserves our study." That this is the primary and most important branch of natural philosophy, must be evident to any one who considers, that, before we apply ourselves to acquire extraneous

knowledge, we ought to ascertain what particular kind our faculties are adapted to attain; and having seen what is not, in our power, we may then be enabled to pursue such subjects as are within our reach; and not imprudently lavish our time on those which come not within the scope of the faculties with which we are endowed.

▲ brief comparison of some of the principal arguments in favour of public and private education. By Thomas Barnes, D. D.

THERE are few questions more important, when considered in every point of view, than those which relate to education. Allowing the original differences stamped upon human minds to be great, yet education marks far greater and stronger lines of distinction between one mind and another. It was education which formed the polished and lettered sage, in the era of the highest Grecian splendor. And it is education which moulds the savage Indian for the desert.

"Dii immortales! Homini homo quid præstat!
Stulto intelligens quid interest!"*

It is generally said, in praise of the present age, that it is more sensible than any which have preceded, of the immense importance of education. I mean not to detract from the real merit of my cotemporaries, by hinting a suspicion that something must be abated of this high compliment. The object and end upon which modern education is often employed, will not, I fear, do the greatest honour to our discernment, or our piety.

Among the various plans of edu-

cation, each of which has had its warm admirers, and sanguine advocates, the parent, anxiously interested for the best welfare of his son, (for I wish to confine the present subject to boys) is often greatly at a loss which to prefer. There are, probably, advantages and disadvantages peculiar to every system. The point to be wished for, is to balance these so justly one against another, as to form the proper conclusion.

There are not a few, both in ancient and modern times, who contend earnestly for a public scheme of education. There are others, perhaps in equal number, who object as earnestly against it. We must imagine the general views of those who embrace the opposite sides of this question to be exactly the same. But they consider the several schemes in different aspects.

I have not the vanity to hope that I shall be able to offer a single argument, which has not been repeatedly canvassed. My utmost wish in choosing this subject was, not to offer something new, but to throw out a few hints, merely by way of introducing a question, than which none greater and more interesting has been, or, by our laws,

*Terence Eun. Act. II. Seet. 2.

can be agitated in these meetings.

That we may speak with precision on this subject, it will be necessary to define the terms, public and private education.

By public education, we mean education at a large public school, consisting of perhaps two or three hundred boys; where the boys live in some common apartment destined for this use, or are boarded in great numbers with persons who only undertake to find them commons and accommodation,

By private education, we mean education at home, in the house, and under the eye of a parent, or private tutor.

Between these two schemes, there will be almost infinite gradations. Exactly in the middle between them, are those schools, where boys are boarded in the house of a Master, become parts of his family, and are not more in number than he can entirely manage & instruct himself.

We may perhaps class the prime objects of education in the following order, beginning with those of less importance, and rising up to those of the greatest. Health—knowledge—temper—self-government—morals.

I. HEALTH.

It is questioned, whether the carelessness which must necessarily prevail in a large public school, with respect to the several articles of diet, lodging, dampness, &c.—or the constant careful attention paid to all these circumstances, in the house of a parent, be more friendly to health and vigour of constitution. It is said, "that an excess of caution injures both the body and the mind, rendering the one puny, and the other pusillanimous." It is added, "that in a large number of boys, there are more incitements to play, and to those active athletic exercises, which brace the system, and render it robust and hardy."

It must be acknowledged, that

the closeness of a nursery is unfriendly to the constitution. But why must we necessarily suppose a boy to be confined to a nursery in his father's house? May he not be accustomed at home to any degree of hardiness at the pleasure of the parent? And are not the principles and conduct of parents, in fact very different? Nor will sufficient incitements to play be wanting, if properly attended to and improved.

With respect to health, then, a boy may have all the advantages, without the many disadvantages attending a more public plan. And, from what I have observed of life, I should be ready to conclude, that children who have been educated upon the system of extreme carelessness in these particulars, have not appeared more vigorous and healthy when they have grown to maturity.

II. KNOWLEDGE.

It is urged in favor of public education, "that emulation, that strong and noble principle, when well managed, is more likely to be felt in its proper influence, when there are many, than when there are few competitors. The numbers and the abilities of the candidates, sharpens the edge of genius and of industry, and thus push on the youthful mind to superior excellence."

It may, perhaps, be said, on the other hand, "that to the boy of more brilliant parts, and who stands at the head of his class, the argument from emulation may be allowed. But that these will be comparatively few; and that to others, who are not able to attain this honorable elevation, it will be reversed, for that its influence will tend to discouragement and depression." It may be added, "that, in large schools, boys are necessarily connected together in classes, like horses in a carriage; that they cannot move on beyond a certain pace; and that this pace must be accommodated to the parts and quickness of the most indolent and stupid in

the class ; or else, it will be, for one boy in the class too quick, and for another, too slow. The consequence will be almost equally prejudicial to both. The one is pushed forward beyond his speed ; he is liable to be continually punished for no fault ; or hurried on through subjects, of which he has not been able to gain any clear and competent knowledge. The other is kept down from those attainments, to which he might otherwise have ascended. This constant and wretched clog it may be said, will be prevented by having every boy to stand single, or, at least, by matching boys of equal capacity together, who may thus be urged forward exactly according to their strength, neither dejected by the superior genius of one, nor fettered by the greater dullness of another."

To these arguments it may, I think, with great force be added, "that, in a very large number of boys, there will always be as many, or more of those who do not excel, as of those who do. If, therefore, the one may be supposed to animate, or to shame, the other may with equal truth, be supposed to keep those in countenance, whose abilities are not so bright, or whose industry is not so unremitting."

In vindication of the order which I have assigned to knowledge, it may be observed that the great end of mental cultivation is, to give that exercise and habit to the various powers of the mind, which may enable them to act hereafter in all the affairs of human life with the greatest advantage. It is not merely the quantity of ideas required, but the ability obtained by the soul, of thinking, reasoning, and determining rightly, in every event of the changeful scene, which is of the greatest importance.*

* "Leotyichides interrogatus, quid potissimum, oportet pueros ingenuos discere ! Quæ illis, inquit, ubi ad virilem ætatem pervenerint, usui sunt futura."

CICERO.

III. TEMPER,

Or, perhaps, more properly social affections.

It may be urged by the advocates for private schools, "that there the heart is longer under the influence of the softer and more domestic feelings—that reverence to parents, and love to brothers, sisters, and other relations, is there in continual habit—that on these mild, and tender charities of life, the temper and the comfort of mankind chiefly depend—and that, in a public school, these amiable scions of the soul have not room to shoot, but must of necessity be miserably neglected."

If to this argument it be answered, "that in a public education there will be partialities and attachments formed : " it may be replied, "that these are not exactly of the same nature, nor will they have the same influence on future temper and future happiness."

It will perhaps be said, "that in larger schools, connexions and friendships may be formed, which may be of the most lasting, honorable and advantageous tendency in future life."

This advantage appears to me to be a very precarious one. Early connections between a richer and poorer boy, founded, probably, on caprice on the one hand, and abject obsequiousness on the other, seldom continue long. Sometimes, indeed, an honorable union of equals may lay a foundation for future friendship, of the most endeared and permanent nature. And it is possible that some instances may have occurred, of friendships formed between youths whose fortunes were unequal, which have been as beneficial to the one, as honourable to the other. But, as boys are often separated at so early an age, and dispersed into such different scenes and regions, the hope of this ought not to be allowed much weight. And fact will, I persuade myself, bear witness to very few instances of this kind ; too few to give any great degree of force to this argument.

LIST OF AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

The following list of American Newspapers, is taken from Mellish's Travels, where it appears as an extract from Thomas's History of printing in America.

Isaiah Thomas, Esq. of Worcester, Massachusetts, has lately published a very valuable work, entitled, *The History of Printing in America*, from which I have extracted the following table:

	Number of Papers.	Published	No. of impres- sions of each averaged at	Total amount.
New Hampshire, supplies	12 weekly, at		1000	634,000
Massachusetts	9 twice a week,	1600	1,497,600	
	23 weekly	1150	1,375,400	
				2,873,000
Rhode Island	1 twice a week,	800	83,200	
	6 weekly,	800	249,600	
				332,800
Connecticut	11 weekly,	1150		657,800
Vermont	14 weekly,	800		582,400
New-York	7 daily,	600	1,310,400	
	9 twice a week,	800	748,800	
	50 weekly,	800	2,080,000	
				4,139,200
New-Jersey	3 weekly,	800		332,800
Pennsylvania	9 daily,	625	1,755,000	
	1 three times,	800	124,800	
	3 twice a week,	800	249,600	
	58 weekly,	800	2,412,800	
				4,542,200
Delaware	2 twice a week,	800		166,400
Maryland	5 daily,	600	936,000	
	5 three times,	600	468,000	
	1 twice a week,	800	83,200	
	10 weekly,	800	416,000	
				1,903,200
District of Columbia	1 daily,	600	187,200	
	3 three times,	800	374,400	
	1 twice a week,	800	83,200	
	1 weekly,	800	41,600	
				686,400
Virginia	1 three times,	800	124,800	
	6 twice a week,	800	499,200	
	16 weekly,	800	665,600	
				1,289,600
North-Carolina	10 weekly,	800		416,000
			Carried over	18,555,800

		Brought over	18,555,800
South-Carolina	3 daily,	500	468,000
	2 twice a week,	800	166,400
	5 weekly,	800	208,000
			842,400
Georgia	1 three times,	800	124,800
	2 twice a week,	800	166,400
	10 weekly,	800	446,000
			707,200
Kentucky	17 weekly,	700	618,800
Ohio	14 weekly,	650	473,200
Tennessee	6 weekly,	550	171,600
Indiana Territory	1 weekly,	300	15,600
Mississippi Territory	4 weekly,	400	83,200
'Territory of Orleans	2 daily,	450	280,800
	4 three times,	500	312,000
	2 twice a week,	500	104,000
	2 weekly,	500	52,000
			748,800
Louisiana	1 weekly,	300	15,600
			22,222,200
	359		

By this table, it appears that the number of newspapers amounts to twenty-two million two hundred twenty-two thousand two hundred; and Mr. Thomas says it may be viewed as considerably under the real number. The total amount, he thinks, may, without exaggeration, be estimated at *twenty two million five hundred thousand*. In Britain and Ireland the newspaper establishments amount to two hundred twenty-eight; and the whole of the public journals issued annually from the various presses are computed at *twenty million five hundred thousand*.

The state of literature in a country may be partly inferred from the quantity of paper manufactured. Mr. Thomas says, "from the information I have collected, it appears that the mills for manufacturing paper are as follows;—

New-Hampshire	7	Virginia	4
Massachusetts	38	South-Carolina	1
Rhode-Island	4	Kentucky	6
Connecticut	17	Tennessee	4
Vermont	9	Pennsylvania, about	60
New-York	12	In all the other states	
Delaware	4	and territories	16
Maryland	3		
		Total	185

From Dr. Mitchell's report, the numbers appear to be 190.

The paper manufactured annually at these mills is estimated as follows:

	tons.	reams.	value.
For newspapers	500	50,000	dolls. 150,000
For books	630	70,000	245,000
For writing	650	111,000	333,000
For wrapping	800	100,000	82,000
	2580	331,000	dolls. 810,000

From the Massachusetts Missionary Magazine.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

HOW irrational the history of Atheists! For, that God exists, the universe bears the most ample testimony. Not a section nor a page in the vast and instructive volume of nature, which lies open before us, but inculcates the doctrine. At home, abroad, in the most public and solitary employments and conditions, we are presented with the evidence of Divine Existence. Every object from the least grain of sand, to the globe itself; from the crawling worm, to the immortal Newton, who explores the celestial world, is God's witness before the bar of reason. To be atheists in practice is easy, but to be atheists in theory is a hard work indeed. How blind, stupid, and brutish is the real atheist! Who shall attempt to reason with the senseless monster, while he discards the divine existence, and wantonly tramples upon all the reason in the universe? He who cannot see God every

where, and in every object of nature, must expect to grope in the obscurity of darkness: for criminal ignorance and fatal blindness have closed and sealed his eyes. Blessed be God, atheists are not beyond the influence of his almighty arm. He can with a word enlighten their minds, change their hearts, and teach them to adore his majesty at the altar of devotion.—Since there is evidence of God's existence, it is manifest that we are absolutely in his hands, and can expect no protection but from his agency. To oppose God, then, is fruitless, if not dangerous. If he resolves to kill us, we must die; and if he determines to spare us, we shall live. For who can prevent the execution of his irreversible and irresistible decree? Alas! how dreadful to fall into the hands of God Almighty in our sins, unless he holds the sceptre of mercy as well as the sword of vindictive justice!

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

AMONG the insipid legends of Ecclesiastical History, I am tempted to distinguish the memorable fable of the *Seven Sleepers*; whose imaginary date corresponds with the reign of the younger Théodocius, and the conquest of Africa by the Vandals. When the emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern, on the side of an adjacent mountain; where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant who gave

orders that the entrance should be firmly secured with a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was miraculously prolonged, without injuring the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty seven years. At the end of that time, the slaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones, to supply materials for some rustic edifice. The light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the *Seven Sleepers* were

permitted to awake. After a slumber, as they thought, of a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger; and resolved that Jamblichus one of their number, should secretly return to the city, to purchase bread for the use of his companions. The youth (if we may still employ that appellation) could no longer recognize the once familiar aspect of his native country; and his surprise was increased by the appearance of a large cross triumphantly erected over the principal gates of Ephesus. His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius, as the current coin of the empire; and Jamblichus on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing dis-

covery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and it is said, the emperor Theodicious himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers; who bestowed their benediction, related their story, and at the same instant peaceably expired.

"This popular tale," Mr. Gibbon adds, "Mahomet learned when he drove his camels to the fairs of Syria; and he has introduced it as a *divine revelation*, into the Koran."—The same story has been adopted and adorned by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion."

[*Curiosities of Literature.*]

Amusing.

Soon after captain (now admiral) Cornwallis succeeded to the command of the Canada, on the resignation of Sir George Collier, and was at sea, a mutiny broke out in the ship, on account of some accidental delay in the clerk's paying some of the ship's company; in consequence of which they all signed what they termed a *Round Robin*, wherein they declared to a man, that they would not fight a gun until they were paid. Capt. Cornwallis, on the receipt of this, had the crew piped upon deck, and thus laconically harangued them—"My lads, the money cannot be paid until we return into port; and as to your *not fighting*, I'll clap you along the first large ship of the enemy's I see; when the d—l himself can't keep you from it." The Jacks were so tickled with this

warlike compliment, that they one and all returned to their duty, better satisfied than if they had been paid the money they demanded ten times over.

A few years since, as a Clergyman in company with some other gentlemen, were crossing the Connecticut river, on the ice, the ice gave way and threatened them with an immersion—the Clergyman was exceedingly frightened and immediately turned pale, they however reached the shore safe, when one of the gentlemen expressed his surprise that so good and so eminent a man as the Rev. Mr. S. should shew so much pusillanimity upon so slight an emergency. "Ah!" said the Rev. Sir, "I cannot be reconciled to go to heaven by water."

In a burlesque descriptive of the performance of a celebrated actress, on the Edinburg theatre, when it was fashionable to extol, with the utmost exaggeration of praise, the tumid style is finely ridiculed, and the most austere of our readers will smoothe their brows at the following. P. Fol.

Yesterday Mrs. ———, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful adamantine, soft and lovely person, for the first time, in the Theatre Royal, in the bewitching, melting, and all tearful character of Isabella. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a single sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence, this star of Melpomene, this comet of the stage, this sun in the firmament of the muses, this moon of the blank verses, this queen and princess of tears, this despot of poison'd bowl, this empress Rusty Fusty of the pistol and dagger, this chaos of Shakespeare, this world of weeping clouds, this Juno of commanding aspect, this Terpsichore of the curtain and scenes, this Proserpine of fire and earthquake, this Kitterfelto of wonders, exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all description. She was nature; she was the most exquisite work of art; she was the very daisy, primrose, tuberosa, wall-flower, and cauliflower too, sweet briar, furze blossom, gilly flower, and rosemary. In short, she was the very bouquet of Parnassus. Several fainted before the curtain drew up—the very fiddlers, in the orchestra, blubbered like hungry children, for their bread and butter; one hundred and nine ladies fainted; forty-six went into fits; and ninety-five had strong hysterics. The world will hardly credit the assertion, that fourteen children, five old women, a one handed sailor, and

six common council men were actually drowned in the inundation of tears, that flowed from the galleries and boxes, to increase the briny flood in the pit.—The water was three feet deep, and the people, that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were in that situation, up to their ancles in tears. Nature, surely, in one of her humane, leisure hours, in one of her smiling days, in one of her weeping months, and in one of her all-sorrowing years, made this human lump of clay perfection.

A gentleman having discharged his man servant for disobedience of orders, another called on him the following morning to offer his services, and his character proving good, they were accepted. Giving his orders afterwards, the master thus addressed his servant, "John, in order to retain your present situation, and my good graces, you have nothing else to do but to pay attention to those two words, MIND CONSEQUENCES—for instance if I tell you to lay the cloth, you must *consequently* put the knives, forks, and plates upon it. Whenever you open the door, you must *consequently* shut it after you." John promised to be obedient, and his master happening to fall ill a few days after, he was dispatched for an apothecary, who lived at the end of the street. One, two, three hours, however, elapsed, and neither John nor the apothecary was heard of:—his master, whose impatience was by this time wound up to the highest pitch, was at length informed, that six gentlemen headed by his new servant, were waiting without to speak with him. Surprised at such an extraordinary number of *uninvited* guests, he gave orders for John to come in and inform him who they were. "Why, sir," said the well-meaning fellow, who had caught his master's words, as he was entering the room, "you know you told me al-

ways to MIND CONSEQUENCES, so I tho't if you wanted the apothecary, you would *consequently* soon have occasion for the physician, and where the physician makes his appearance the undertaker must *consequently* soon follow, the undertaker renders necessary the sexton, who is *consequently* followed by the grave digger; thus, sir, I have only fulfilled your direction, to MIND CONSEQUENCES." The reason was an irrefragable one, and the servant's interpretation, together with the sight of the motley assemblage he had brought with him, excited so much laughter in his master, that it proved full as efficacious as the medicines of the apothecary, in promoting his cure.

Soon after the conclusion of the French war, in Queen Ann's time, a young pert officer, who had but lately entered the service, came to a tavern where Major Johnson, a brave, rough, old officer, and one that feared the Lord, usually resorted. The young gentleman, while at dinner, was venting some new fangled notions, and speaking in the gaiety of his humor against the Dispensations of Providence. The Major at first only desired him to speak more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honor; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner. "Young man," said he, "do not abuse your benefactor, while you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use to his dishonor." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him, "if he was going to preach?" but at the same time desired him to take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honor. "A man of honor!" says the Major, "thou art a blasphemer and an infidel, and I shall use thee

as such."—In short, the quarrel ran so high, that the young officer challenged the Major. Upon their coming into the garden the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might plunge him, but finding him grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear, "Sirrah," said he, "if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy insolence to his servant." Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice, "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!" which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life; which the Major refused to grant, until he asked pardon in a short extempore prayer, which the proselyte did to the great amusement of the company.

IRISH SPECTACLES.

The late General B——, going post to Ireland, on some extraordinary business that would not permit the incumbrance of a retinue, stopped to dine at an inn on the Chester road, and ordered a pair of ducks which he saw ready at the kitchen fire, up to his table. The general's desire had been just complied with, when some country bucks came in, hungry as hawks, after a morning's sport. They eagerly inquired what could be had to eat? Like a true boniface, the landlord enumerated what he had not, to apologize for what he had; and among other things, mentioned the ducks, which had been only a moment before served up for the Irish gentleman's dinner.—"Irish jontleman," gibingly exclaimed one of the chagrined group; "d—n me!—I'll lay fifty to five, the fellow does not know B from Bull's foot. Here, waiter, take my watch up to the jontleman and present my

compliments to him, and request him to tell me what o'clock it is."

The general heard the message, took the watch, and with great temper returned his respects, with an assurance, that as soon as he had dined, he would endeavor to satisfy the inquiry. The bucks, chuckling at the embarrassment they imagined the ignorant Irishman was led into, sat down to regale themselves on whatever they could get; but their jollity was presently disturbed by the entrance of a military figure, who, with that politeness which is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced towards the table where they were seated, and presenting the watch—"Gentlemen," said he, "I wish to know its owner, as from a message sent me a little time ago, I presume he is short sighted, and have brought him this pair of spectacles, (pointing to a case of large pistols he held under his arm) to remedy his defect." The joke was gone—the bucks were silent. The general deliberately put the watch into his fob, with a declaration that secured it to him forever. "Gentlemen, I am sorry for intruding, as I find the owner is not among you, whenever he claims it, he shall have it, but never *without a trial of the spectacles*."

About the year 1727, when the back settlers of this country were as proverbial, for their prejudices, as ever the first settlers of Plymouth were, an old woman about one hundred and twenty miles from Richmond, on James river, was so unfortunate as to have a sow litter a pig with two tails. This circumstance soon overran the settlement. A general alarm was spread; and the parson of the parish was resorted to by the affrighted people to account for this wonderful phenomenon. The sage divine, after

duly considering the affair, declared, that as all pigs by nature were endowed with but one tail, it was probable that the devil was officious in the generation of this litter, and as he cannot make any thing perfect, these two tails were left as a mark of his imperfection. The parson further observed, that as other neighbours had sows, on whom the evil spirit might have tried his operations, his partiality for this old woman was a proof that she must have a connection with him, and that she could be nothing less than a *witch*. The poor woman was immediately apprehended, and it was determined to tie her up in a sack and throw her into the river, when, if she *floated* she was a witch, and must be *hung*;—if she *sunk*, then she was *innocent*!! A vast concourse of people assembled on the banks to see the operation; and while the church-wardens were absolutely engaged in drawing the bag over her, a Colonel Taylor, who had lately arrived from Ireland, hit on the following stratagem to save her.

"By my soul," said he to the wardens, "you are all wrong; you know nothing of witches; now in Ireland, we have found out a much surer way, without half the trouble." The people were anxious to hear the Irish method: "Why, (says the colonel) my jewels, we put the women in one scale and the big church bible in the other: if the bible outweighs the woman she is a witch, and must be burnt; but if the woman is the heaviest, she is no witch, by my soul."—The colonel's method was approved of; the trial made, and thus the life of a woman preserved, who, but for Col. Taylor's stratagem, must have fallen a sacrifice to the ignorance and prejudices of an illiterate people.

Poetic Department.



THE BATTLE OF LINDEN.

By Thomas Campbell.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow
And dark as winter was the flow,
Of Yser rolling rapidly.

But Linden show'd another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful rivalry.

Then shook the hills by thunder
riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle
driven,
And vollying like the bolt of hea-
ven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

And redder still shall be the glow,
On Linden's hills of purpled snow,
And bloodier still shall be the flow
Of Yser rolling rapidly.

This morn—yet scarce yon lurid
sun,
Can pierce the War-cloud rolling
dun,
Whilst furious Frank, and fiery
Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous can-
nonry.

The combat deepens—on ye brave,
Who rush to glory—or the grave;
Wave Munich, all your banners
wave,
And charges with all your chi-
valry.

O few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be your winding
sheet,
And every turf beneath your feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

From the Port Folio.

TO AN EARLY VIOLET.

WHY lovely stranger rear thy
head;
Within this spot so wild and sere?
No hand of lover decks thy bed,
No feet of beauty linger here.

Why waste thy fragrance here, ah!
why?
Seek'st thou fond welcome at my
home?
The tyrant Care has dimmed that
eye,
Which lov'd o'er Nature's breast
to roam.

She, kind instructress, taught in
youth,
My simple heart a feeling true:
A taste for science, friendship,
truth;
But ting'd the boon with Sorrow's
hue.

As yet no tepid breezes blow,
From realms where golden Summer
sleeps;
The gloomy monarch, Winter,
slow
Retires across the northern steeps.

O hide thee! evening's vapours
chill
Shall soon thy tender flow'rets
shroud;
Adown the base of yonder hill,
I see intertwine the gath'ring cloud.

Why, solitary stranger, why
So anxious to behold the day?
The sun that wak'd thy morning
sigh,
Mourns now obscur'd his evening
ray.

And see, where on untiring wing
The swallow flees the spreading
rack;
Precursor of the coming spring,
He hies him to the goddess back.

Hark! how the northern tempest
swells,
Amid the groves of murmuring
pine!
Forsaken beauty shut thy bells,
For never ending night is thine.

But long as blushing Love shall
sigh
In willing ears the tender vow,
So long Hyperion's amorous eye,
Shall ne'er view sweeter flower
than thou.

From the European Magazine.
The Butterfly's Ball, & the Grass-
hopper's Feast.

Come take up your hats, and away
let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the
Grasshopper's feast;
The trumpeter Cad-fly has sum-
mon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only wait-
ing for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass, by the
side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for
ages has stood,
See the children of earth, and the
tenants of air,
To an evening's amusement toge-
ther repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind
and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend
on his back;

And there came the Knat and Dra-
gon-fly too,
And all their relations, green,
orange and blue.

And there came the Moth, with
her plumage of down,
And Hornet with jacket of yellow
and brown,
Who with him the Wasp, his com-
panion did bring,
But they promis'd that evening to
lay by their sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse crept
out of his hole,
And to the feast his blind cousin,
the Mole;
And the snail, with her horns peep-
ing out of her shell,
Came fatigued with the distance,
the length of an ell,

A mushroom the table, and on it
was spread
A water dock leaf, which the table-
cloth made;
The viands were various, to each
of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey, to
sweeten the feast.

With steps most majestic the Snail
did advance,
And he promis'd the gazers a mi-
nuet to dance;
But they laugh'd so loud, that he
drew in his head
And went in his own little chamber
to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the
shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glow-worm,
came out with his light;
So home let us hasten, while yet
we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for
you or for me.

OBITUARY.

With feelings of unutterable anguish, we announce the premature departure of one of Winchester's brightest ornaments—*WILLIAM BALL*, jun. late of this place, a member of Captain Roberts' company of Riflemen now on duty at Norfolk, is no more! But a few days since and we saw him in the bosom of his family, the object of their fondest affections; and, by all, beloved for his virtues and respected for his talents. But, alas! how transitory is human life! He is now numbered with the dead! He fell by the hands of a murderer! Yes—in a moment of unsuspecting security, when his soul beamed GOOD WILL towards all men, was he deprived of his valuable life! This melancholy and heart-rending intelligence reached this place on Friday last. On no occasion whatever, have we witnessed the public feeling more strongly agitated—Dejection and sorrow were imprinted on every countenance; and every countenance seemed, emphatically, to say—*Winchester has never sustained so severe a loss.*

The youthful friends of the deceased, impelled by feelings which do honor to the human heart, immediately resolved to meet at the Court-House, in order to adopt such measures, as might be deemed best calculated to testify the sincere sorrow with which their hearts were filled on this afflicting occasion.—The bell gave the signal for meeting, and in a few minutes the house was crowded, with a large and respectable concourse of citizens of *all* ages. The object of the meeting was stated by Henry St. Geo. Tucker, Esq. in a short but affecting address, after which the following resolutions were read by Mr. Tucker and unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the members of this assembly, impressed with the most lively sense of the exalted worth and endowments of their departed friend and fellow-citizen, Adjutant *WILLIAM BALL*, late of the Winchester Rifle Company, will assemble at the Presbyterian Meeting-House on Thursday next at 12 o'clock, to attend a divine discourse to be delivered there on the melancholy occasion of his death.

Resolved, That the Rev. *Wm. Hill* be respectfully requested to deliver a funeral discourse on that occasion, and that Capt. Morris and Lieut. Lauck be appointed a committee to wait on Mr. Hill for that purpose.

Resolved, That it be recommended to the citizens of this town to wear a crape on the left arm for one month, as a testimonial of their affectionate regard for the memory, and of their high sense of the estimable virtues of their departed friend.

Resolved, That Capt. Morris, Messrs. George Brent, Isaac Lauck and Geo. Orrick, be appointed a committee for the purpose of arranging a procession on Thursday next from the dwelling of Mr. William Ball, to the Presbyterian Meeting-House.

The death of Wm. Ball, junr. has occasioned sensations of the deepest regret and sorrow, to all to whom he was known; no young man was held in higher estimation. Among the many virtuous and amiable young men of which Winchester can boast, he was pre-eminently conspicuous. Correct in deportment; modest in demeanor, and amiable in manners—he appeared to have no propensity for any of those vices and indiscretions, to which, too many of our young men are addicted. He was all that a fond parent could wish, or a friend desire. To an understanding uncommonly sound, and which he had taken unwearied pains to cultivate, was added a brilliancy of genius rarely to be found. His avocations had been Mercantile for some time, but his genius led him to other pursuits. His turn of mind pointed out to him a different path. Without any advantage of instruction but the resource of his own mind, he had given some elegant specimens of engraving, which a professed artist might, without disparagement have called his own. By the advice of his friends, and with the approbation of his respectable parents, he had determined to relinquish trade, and was preparing to repair to Philadelphia, for the purpose of cultivating his natural genius with the auxiliary aids which that city affords, and to devote his talents to the fine arts, when he was called into the service of his country. He was one of the number of respectable young gentlemen that form-

ed Capt. Roberts' Company of Riflemen, of which he was first sergeant, and with which he marched to Norfolk, where he was soon distinguished for his assiduity and talents by the appointment of Adjutant to Col. Beatty's Regiment, which he had held but a few days, when the sad and deplorable catastrophe happened which deprived him of his life, his parents of a beloved and affectionate son, and society of one of its most shining ornaments. Panegyric cannot say more than is justly due to the memory of this estimable youth, whose fair prospects have been so prematurely destroyed. The sorrow depicted in every countenance is his best eulogium. He was aged 20 years, 7 months and 10 days.

Extract of a letter from the Commandant of the U. States Regiment, Virginia Militia, now at Norfolk, to the Editor—dated May 24, 1813.

"The painful task devolves on me, of announcing to you the premature death of WILLIAM BALL, son of Capt. Ball, of your place!—The superior qualifications which this young gentleman possessed for the office, induced me to confer on him the appointment of Adjutant of my Regiment. As was his duty every morning, after parade, he was about to cross the river this morning, at Fort Nelson, for the General Orders from Head-Quarters, but some difficulty occurred in his procuring a Boat, and, being hailed by the Centinel from the Ramparts of the Fort, and in the act of returning, he was fired upon, at the distance of sixty or seventy yards; the ball entered below his left breast and passed through his body and right arm, and in 45 minutes closed his valuable life!—Thus has terminated the life of a youth, who bid fair to be an ornament to the military profession, and who, by his many amiable qualities, had endeared himself both to the officers and soldiers of this regiment;—Our Camp is in deep mourning and consternation on this truly melancholy occasion."

☞ As it is probable that, at some future day, when the circumstance may have escaped recollection, the seeming inconsistency of announcing a death, which occurred in May, in the Magazine for April, will excite surprize, it may be proper to state that from a trivial interruption which happened in an early period of the publication of the work, we were compelled to adopt the arrangement of issuing in the succeeding month, the number which bore the title of the preceding one.

[Editor of the Monthly Magazine.]

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